

CLASSICS
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NO. 39

25c

FEATURING STORIES BY THE
WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

JANE EYRE

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

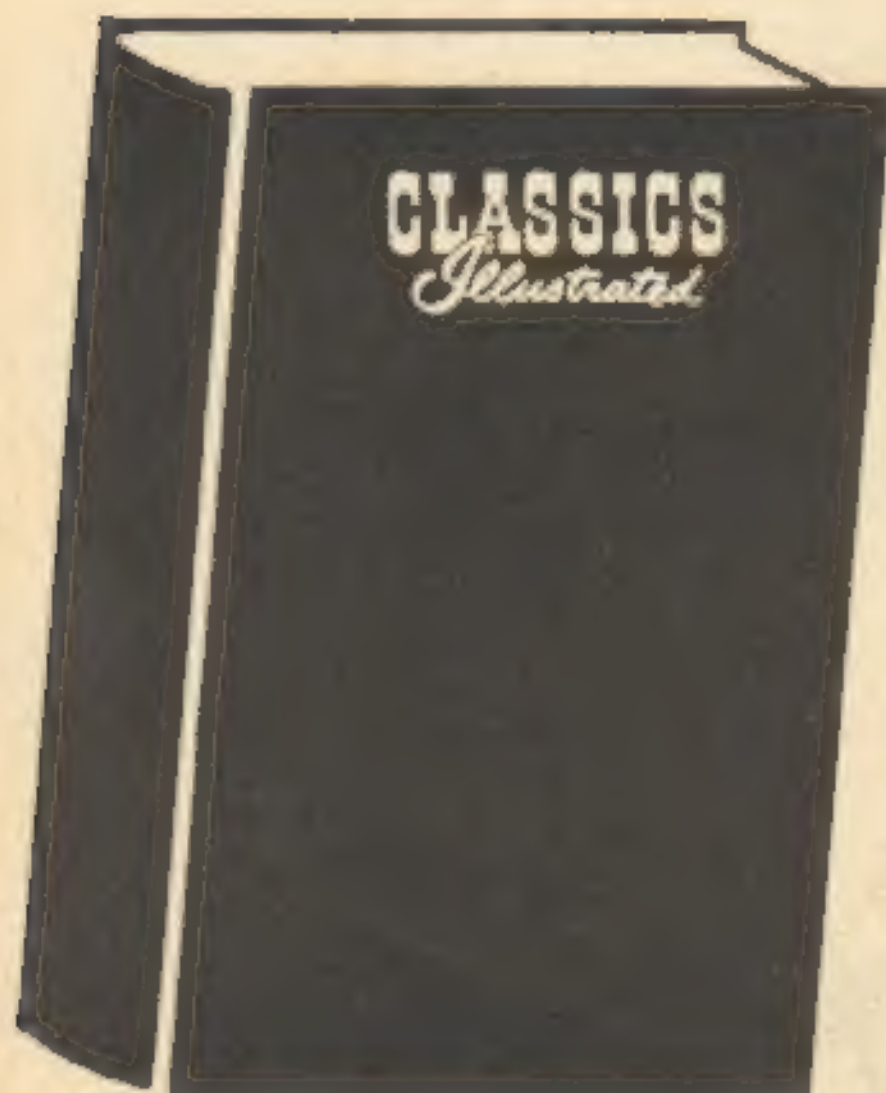


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JANE EYRE

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

A poor curate fell in love with a rich man's daughter. She married him and was disowned immediately after the wedding. Before two years passed, the rash pair both were dead. They left a daughter--myself, Jane Eyre.

Mr. Reed was my uncle--my mother's brother--who had taken me when a parentless infant to his house. In his last moments, he had required a promise of Mrs. Reed that she would rear me as one of her own children. But how could she really like an interloper unconnected with her, after her husband's death, by any tie?

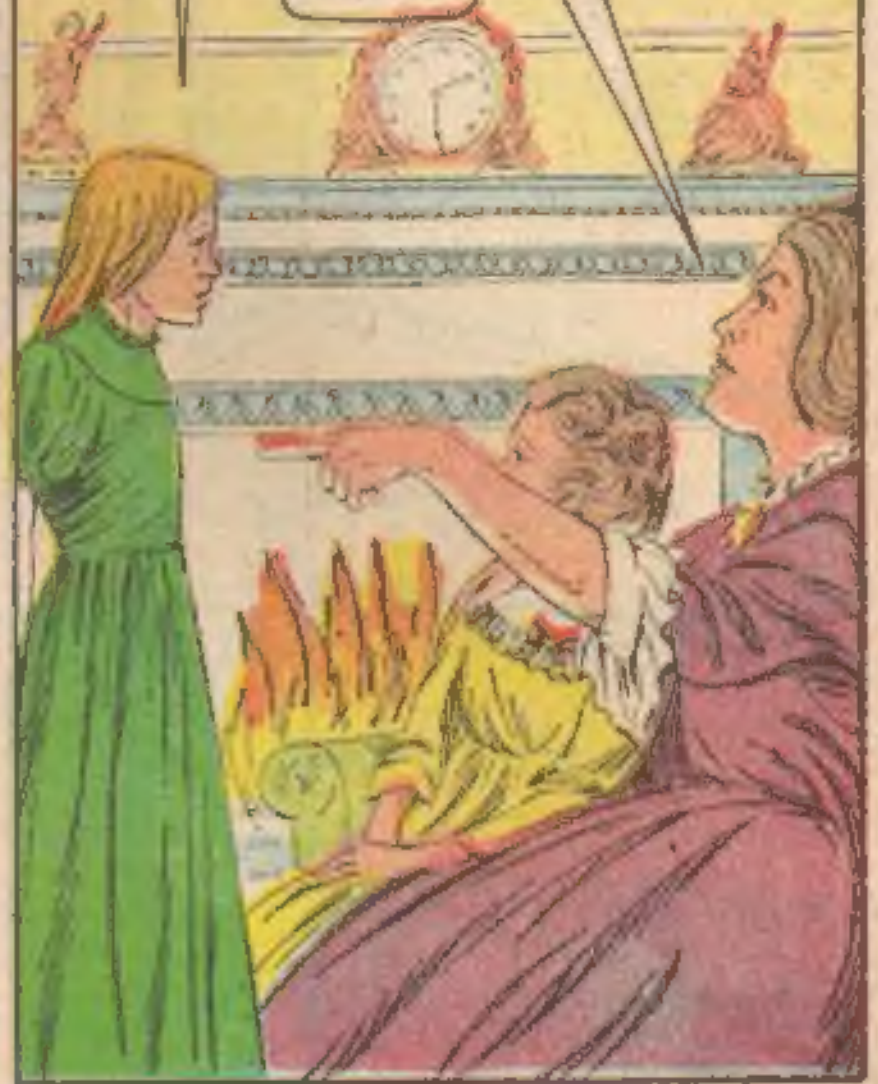
The cold winter wind had brought a penetrating rain. Mrs. Reed lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside with her darlings about her.

I regret to keep you at a distance, Jane, but I really must exclude you from privileges intended only for contented little children.



What does Bessie say?
I have done?

Jane, I don't like questioners. Be seated somewhere, and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.



I slipped into the breakfast room, possessed myself of a volume and mounted into the window seat. I drew the curtain nearly closed.



The door opened.
It was John Reed.

Where the dickens is she?
Lizzy! Georgy! Tell mama
Jane has run out
into the rain.



Eliza put her head in at the door.

She is in the window seat.



I came out immediately.

What do you want?

I want you
to come here.



Seating himself in an armchair, he gestured for me to approach him. He spent some three minutes in thrusting out his tongue at me.



All at once, he struck me.

What were you doing
behind the curtain?



I was reading.

Show the book.



*I returned to the window
and fetched it.*

You have no business
to take our books. You
have no money; your father
left you none. Go and
stand by the door.



I did so, not at first aware what was his intention. The volume was flung. It hit me and I fell, striking my head against the door.



Wicked and cruel boy!

What! Did you say that to me? Won't I tell mama? But first --



He ran headlong at me. I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder. He had closed with a desperate thing. I don't know what I did with my hands.



He bellowed out aloud. We were parted by Bessie and another of the servants.

What a fury to fly at Master John!

Take her away to the red room, and lock her in there.



Four servant hands were laid upon me. I was borne upstairs.

For shame! What shocking conduct, Miss Eyre, to strike your benefactress' son! Your young master.

Master! How is he my



They thrust me upon a stool in the red room.

You are less than a servant, for you do nothing for your keep.

You ought to be aware that you are under obligations to Mrs. Reed. If she were to turn you off, you would have to go to the poorhouse.



I became ill as a result of being locked in the red room overlong. Days and weeks passed until I regained my normal state of health. Once, John attempted chastisement. I levelled at his nose as hard a blow as my knuckles could inflict.

He ran to his mama.

That nasty Jane Eyre flew at me like a mad cat.

I told you not to go near her. I do not choose that you or your sisters should associate with her.



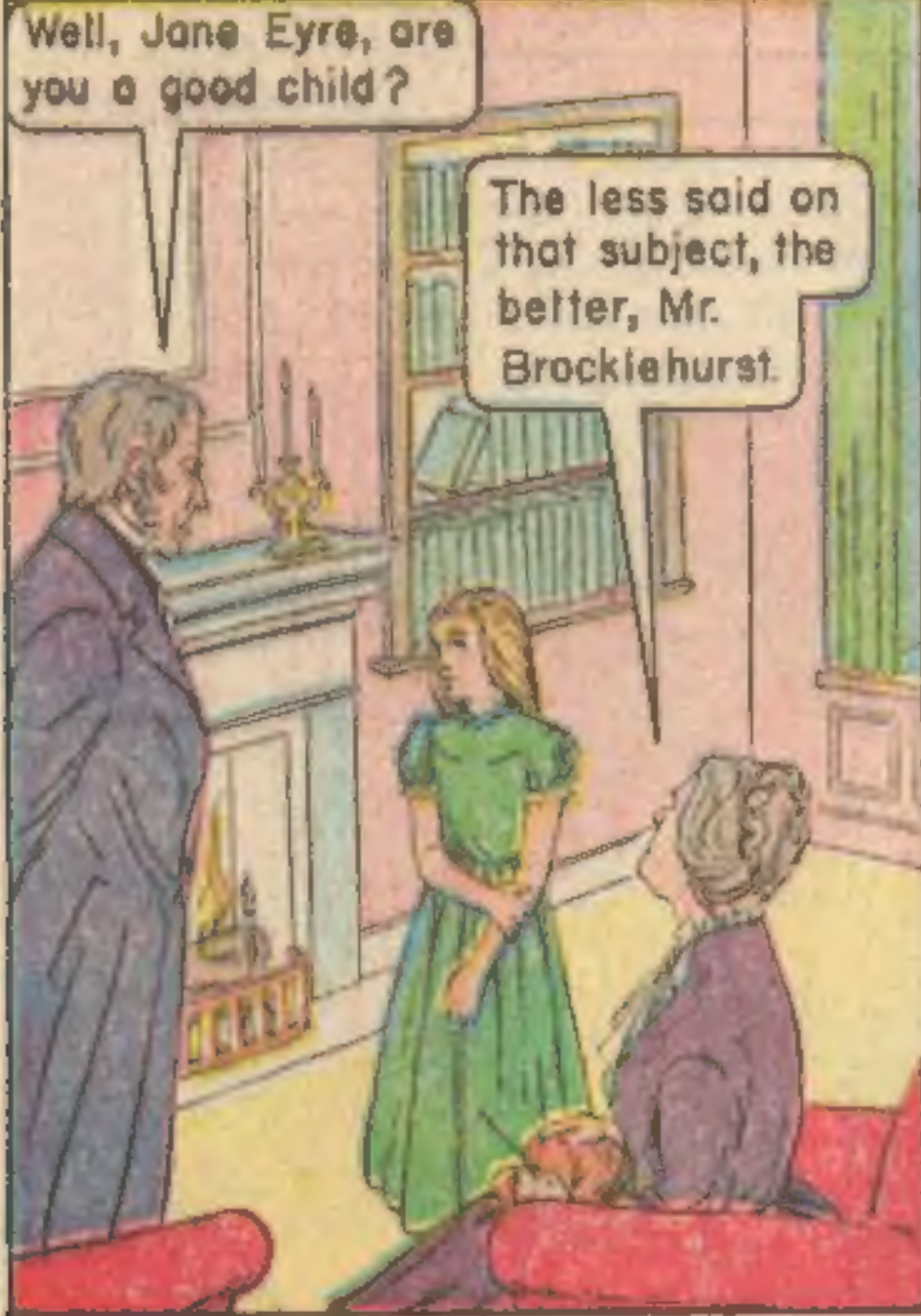
They are not fit to associate with me!



One day, Bessie hauled me to the washstand, inflicted a merciless scrub and sent me to the breakfast room.

Well, Jane Eyre, are you a good child?

The less said on that subject, the better, Mr. Brocklehurst.



Mr. Brocklehurst installed himself in the armchair opposite Mrs. Reed's and called me to him.

You have a wicked heart. You must pray to God to change it, to take away your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.



I was about to question how this change was to be performed when Mrs. Reed interposed.

I should be glad if the teachers at Lowood School were requested to guard against her worst fault, a tendency to deceit.

She shall be watched.



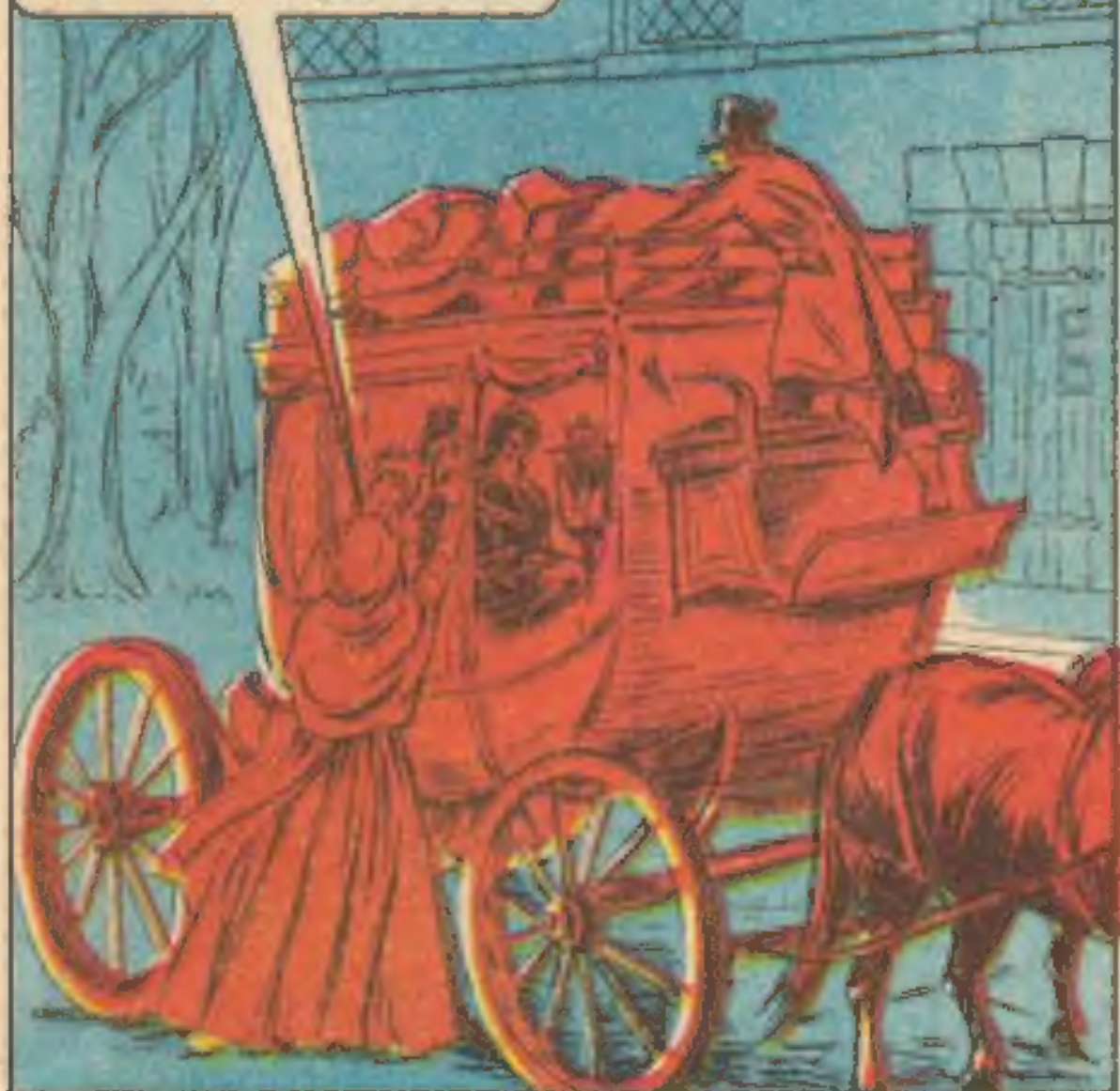
When Mrs. Reed and I were left alone, I gathered my energies.

I am not deceitful. If I were, I should say I loved you. I will never call you aunt again as long as I live.



I remember but little of the journey to Lowood School. We appeared to travel over hundreds of miles of road. I at last dropped asleep. The sudden cessation of motion awoke me.

Is there a little girl called Jane Eyre here?



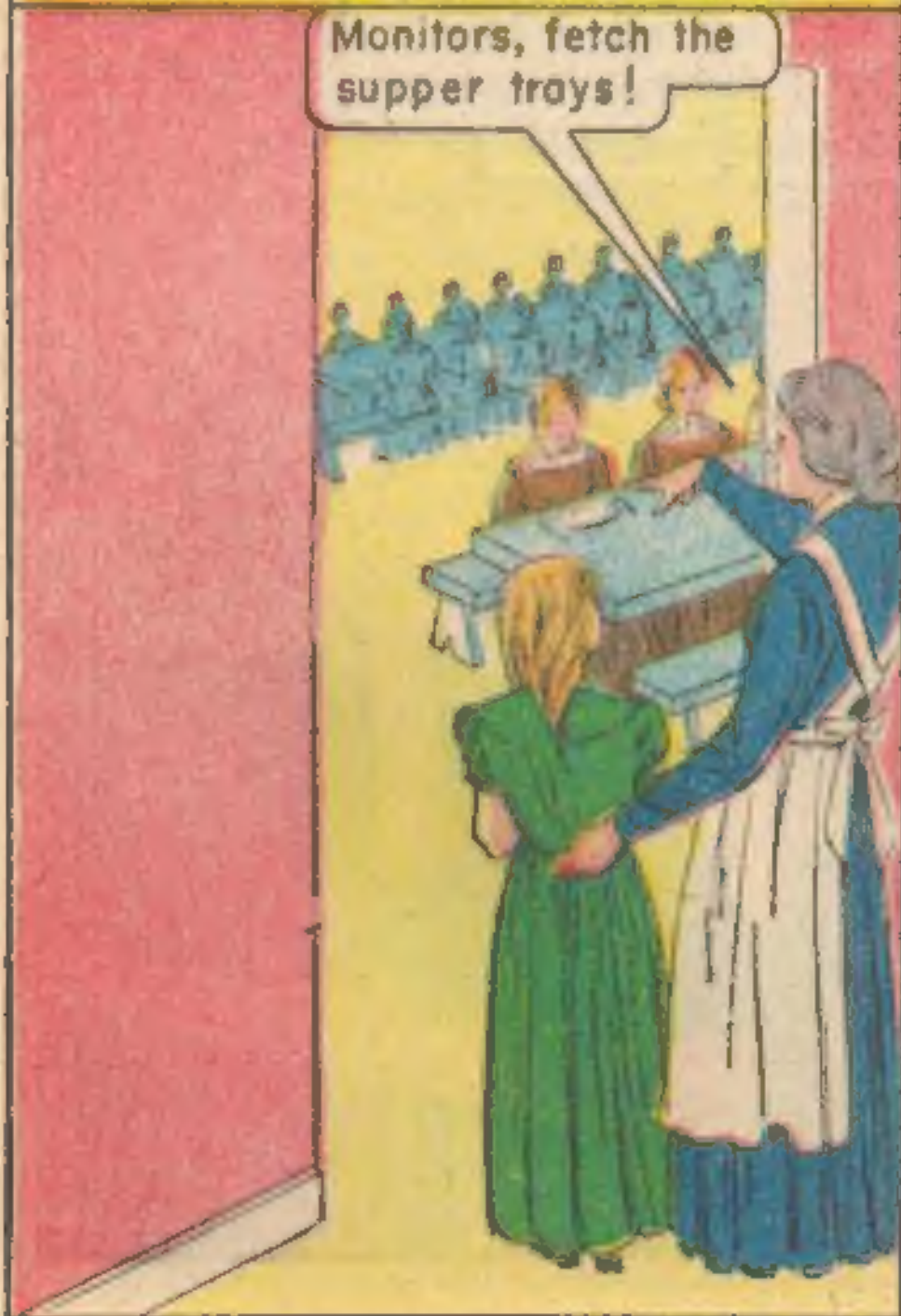
I was lifted out, taken into a room with a fire, and left alone. A tall lady carrying a light entered; another followed close behind.

The child is very young to be sent alone.



I was led from passage to passage and presently entered a wide, long room. Seated all round on benches was a congregation of girls of every age.

Monitors, fetch the supper trays!



The meal over, the classes filed off upstairs. I glanced at the long rows of beds, each of which was quickly filled with two occupants. The light was extinguished and I fell asleep.



The day had not yet begun to dawn when we arose. I dressed as well as I could for shivering. Then all formed in file and descended the stairs.



After prayers and reading of Scripture, we were marched into another room for breakfast. On two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which sent forth an odour far from inviting.



The meal began. I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess. The spoons moved slowly.



The refectory was soon evacuated for the school-room. Miss Temple, the superintendent of Lowood, here commenced our lessons. The clock at last struck twelve.

You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat. I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all.



Afterward, in the garden, I spoke to one of the girls, Helen Burns

Lowood is partly a charity school. You and I, and all the rest of us, are charity children. I suppose you are an orphan?

Both my parents died before I can remember



All the girls here have lost either one or both parents, and this is called an institution for educating orphans.



Then this house does not belong to that tall lady who said we were to have some bread and cheese?

To Miss Temple? Oh, no! She has to answer to Mr. Brocklehurst for all she does



Are you happy here?

You ask rather too many questions



The summons sounded for dinner. I found it consisted of indifferent potatoes and strange shreds of rusty meat I ate what I could

Will every day's fare be like this?



My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age. Our clothing was insufficient to protect us from the severe cold. The scanty supply of food was distressing. Sundays we had to walk two miles to church, where Mr. Brocklehurst officiated.



One afternoon, Mr Brocklehurst visited us.

I find, Miss Temple, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served. Who introduced this innovation?



I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir. The breakfast was so ill-prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it. I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinnertime.



Madam, you are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is not to accustom them to habits of luxury.



Suddenly, Mr Brocklehurst's eye gave a blink.

Miss Temple, what--what is that girl with curled hair?

It is Julia Severn. Julia's hair curls naturally.





Three other visitors now entered the room, splendidly attired in velvet, silk and furs. They were received by Miss Temple as Mrs. and Misses Brocklehurst



My slate somehow happened to slip from my hand, and falling with a crash, drew every eye upon me. I stooped to pick up the two fragments.

A careless girl! It is the new pupil, I perceive. I have a word to say respecting her.

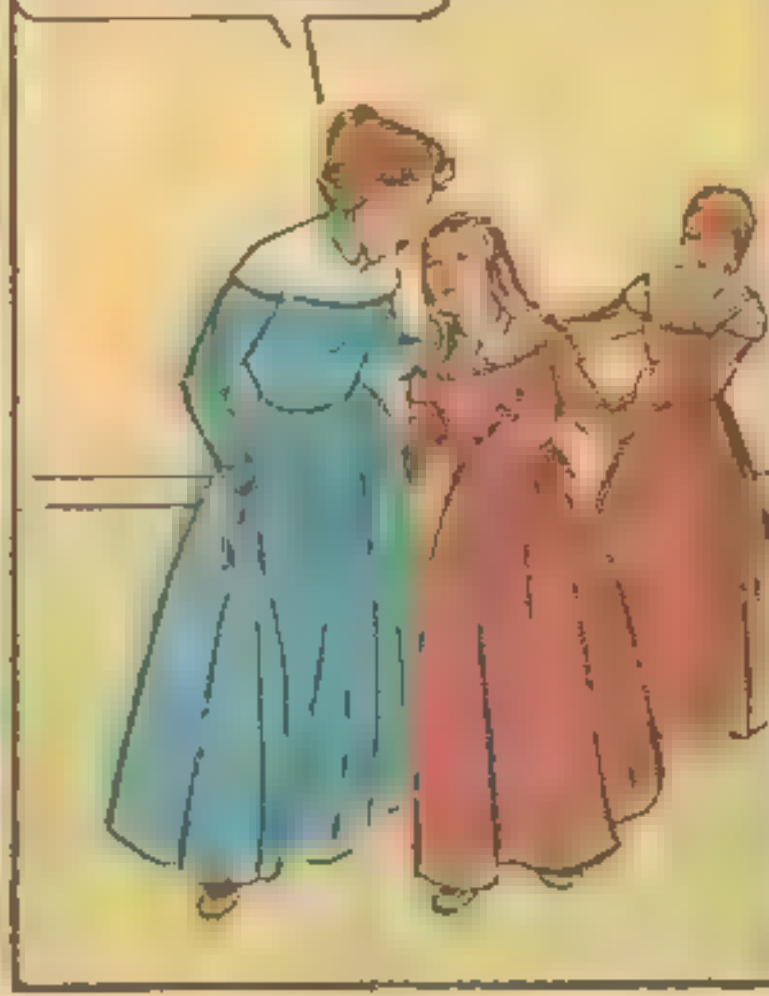


Let the child who broke her slate come forward!



I was paralyzed. The two girls who sat on each side of me set me on my legs and pushed me toward the dread judge. Miss Temple gently assisted me to his very feet, and I caught her whisper.

Don't be afraid, Jane. I saw it was an accident. You shall not be punished.



I was placed upon a stool at Mr Brocklehurst's order

You all see this girl? Who would think that the Evil One has already found a servant in her?



You must be on your guard against her. If necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her out from your converse.



Teachers, you must watch her. Keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, punish her body to save her soul. This girl is--a liar!



This I learned from the pious and charitable lady who adopted her in her orphan state, and whose kindness this unhappy girl repaid by ingratitude



With this conclusion, Mr. Brocklehurst muttered to his family, who rose and bowed to Miss Temple. Then all the great people sailed in state from the room. Mr. Brocklehurst turned at the door.

Let her stand half an hour longer on that stool, and let no one speak to her during the remainder of the day.



Ere the half hour ended, school was dismissed I wept. I had meant to earn respect and win affection at Lowood. Now, here I lay again, crushed and trodden on. Helen Burns approached, bringing my coffee and bread.

Mr. Brocklehurst is little liked here. Had he treated you as a favourite, you would have found enemies.



If others don't love me, I would rather die than live. To gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, I would willingly have the bone of my arm broken.

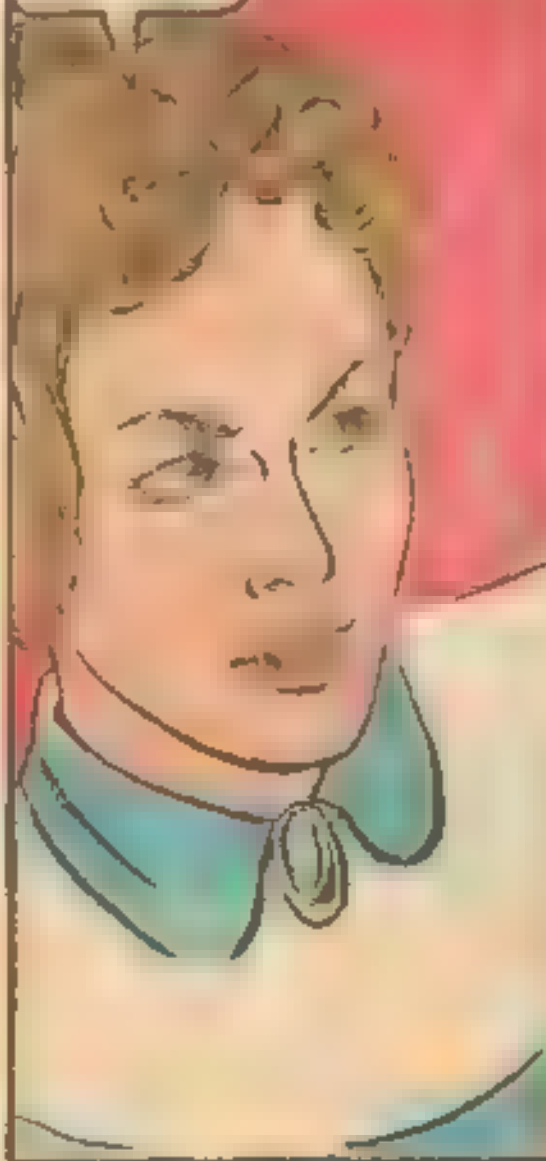


Afterward, Miss Temple came in and invited us both up to her apartment.

Have you cried your grief away, Jane?

I am afraid I shall never do that. I have been wrongly accused, and everybody will now think me wicked.

We shall think you what you prove yourself to be. You have been charged with falsehood; defend yourself to me as well as you can.



I told her the story of my sad childhood. I felt as I went on that she fully believed me.



The hardships of Lowood lessened. But ere May arrived, pestilence crept into the orphan asylum. Many girls went home to die; some died at the school and were buried quietly.

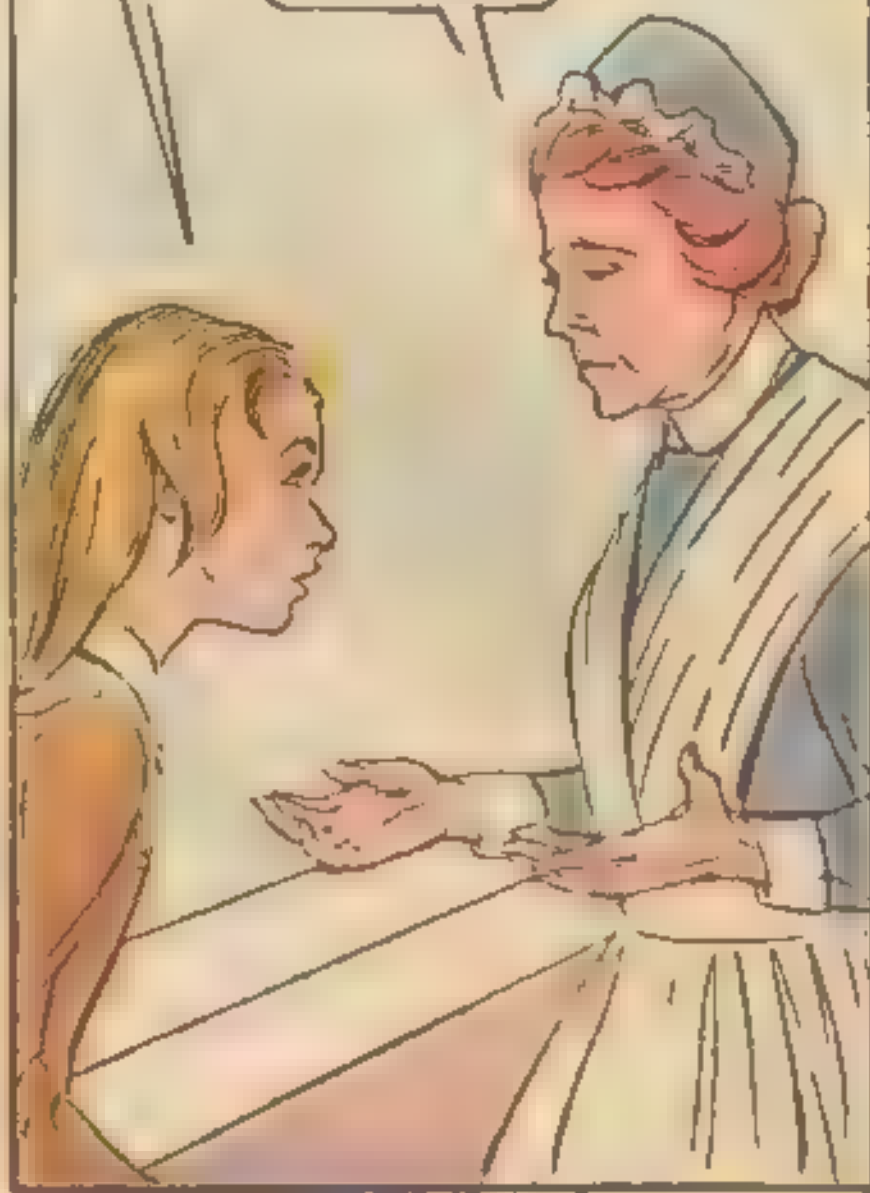
Someone must be very ill if Mr. Bates was sent for at this time of night.



After Mr. Bates departed, I ran up to the nurse.

How is Helen Burns?

Very poorly. Mr Bates says she'll not be here very long.



Later that night, I crept from the dormitory and found my way to Helen's crib-side. She did not have the fever, but consumption.

Why are you here, Jane?

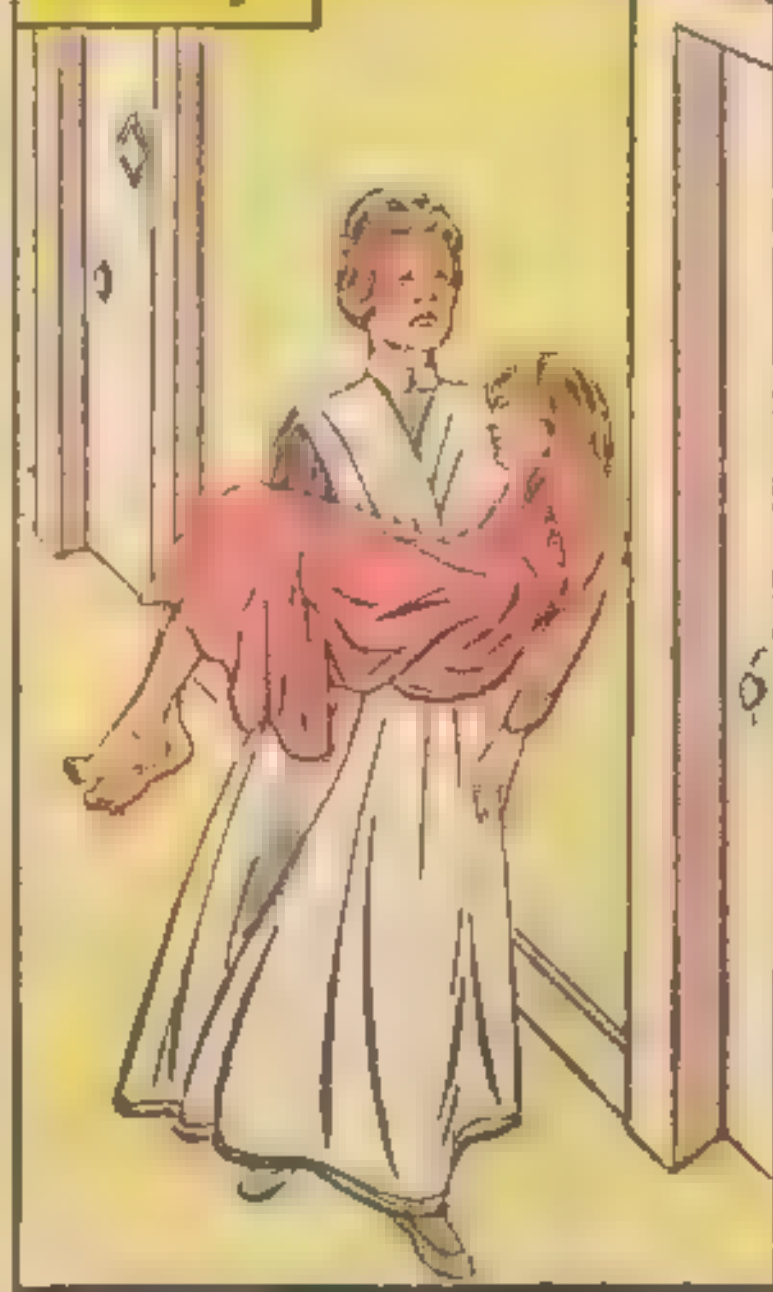
I heard you were very ill, and I could not sleep till I had spoken to you.



Jane, your little feet are bare. Lie down and cover yourself with my quilt.



I did so. We talked awhile, then we both slumbered. When I awoke, it was day. The nurse was carrying me back to the dormitory.



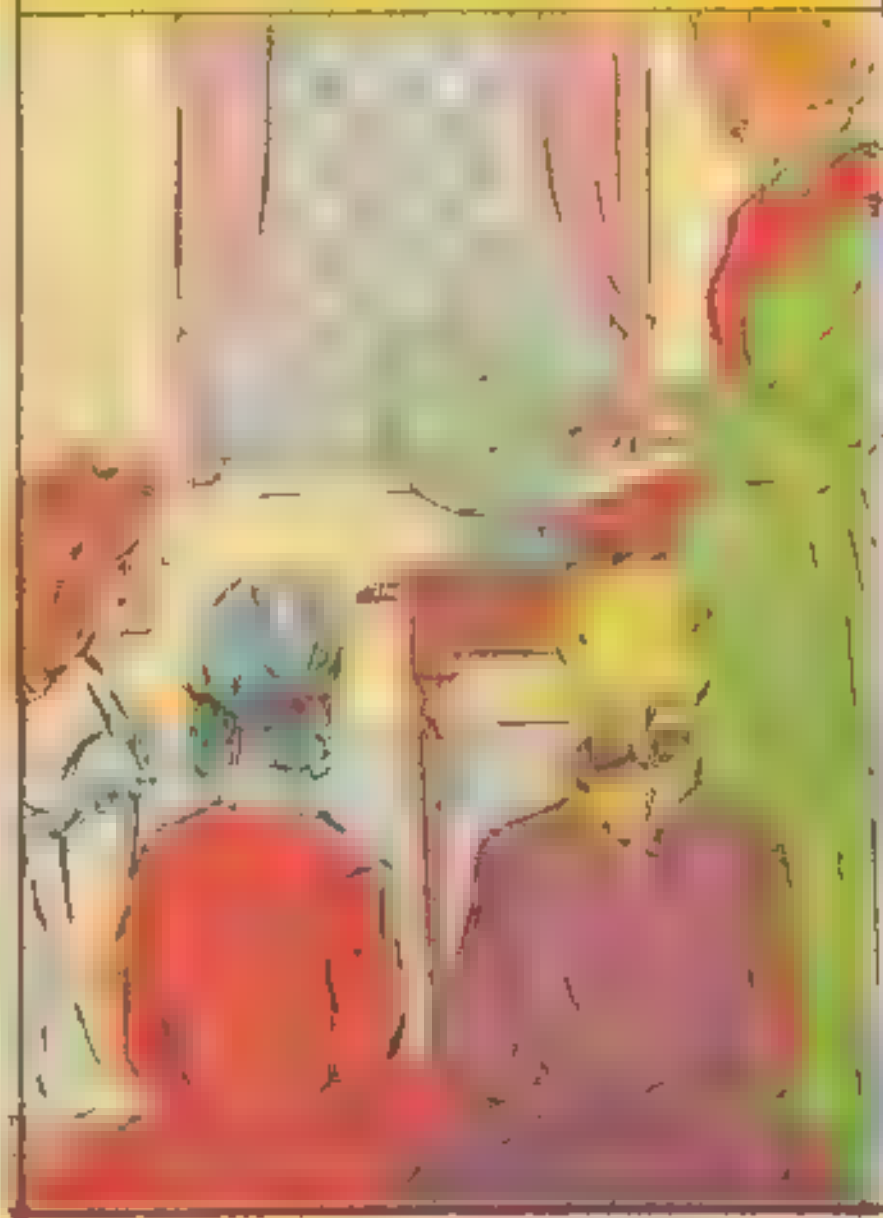
Afterward, I learned that Miss Temple had found me asleep with Helen Burns, and Helen was--dead. The typhus fever disappeared, but it produced an inquiry that was mortifying to Mr. Brocklehurst.

The unhealthy nature of Lowood's location, the poor food, the brackish water used in its preparation, were all responsible for the great number of victims.

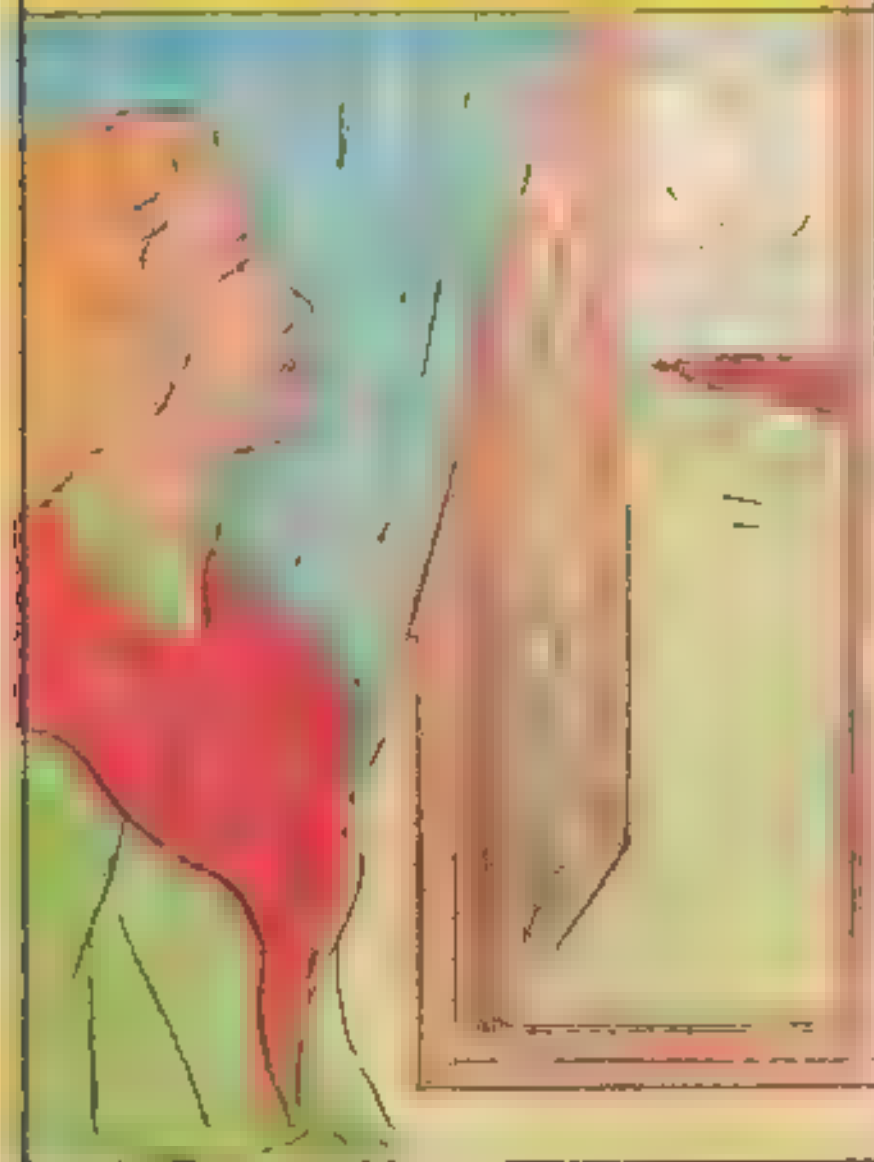
Shocking.



Several wealthy individuals subscribed for the erection of a new building. The school, thus improved, became in time a truly useful and noble institution. I remained an inmate of its walls for eight years: six as pupil, and two as teacher



At this period, Miss Temple married. From the day she left, I was no longer the same. Now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of experience awaited those who had the courage to go forth into its expanse



I made up my mind and advertised for a situation as governess. I received a single reply, from Mrs. Fairfax at Thornfield, near Millcote. A testimonial of character was sent to her, and I was accepted as governess at Thornfield.



At Thornfield, a more reassuring introduction for a new governess could scarcely be conceived. As I entered, a little elderly lady promptly came forward to meet me.

Mrs. Fairfax, I suppose?

Yes. Do sit down.



She had a servant bring me refreshments.

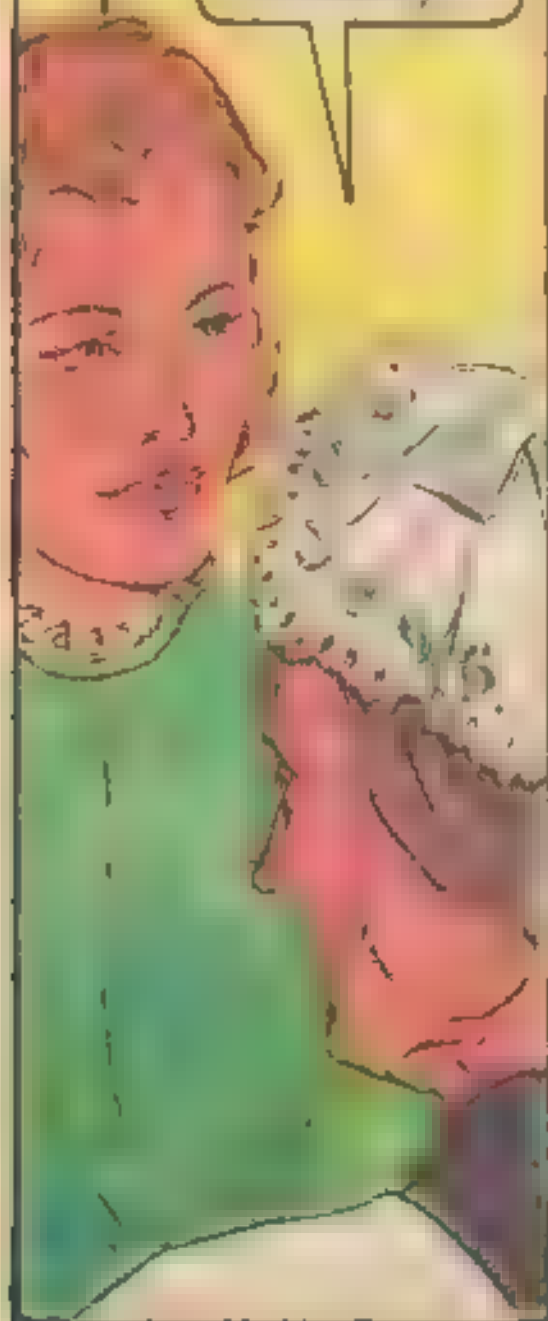
Shall I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Fairfax tonight?

Miss Fairfax? Oh, you mean Miss Vorens! Vorens is the name of your future pupil.



Then she is not your daughter?

No-- I have no family.



But I'll not keep you sitting up late tonight. You have been travelling all day; you must feel tired. I'll show you your bedroom.



She took her candle, and I followed her upstairs.



I rose next morning, dressed myself with care, and ventured forth. I was enjoying the pleasant fresh air when Mrs. Fairfax appeared at the door

I see you are an early riser. How do you like Thornfield?

I like it very much



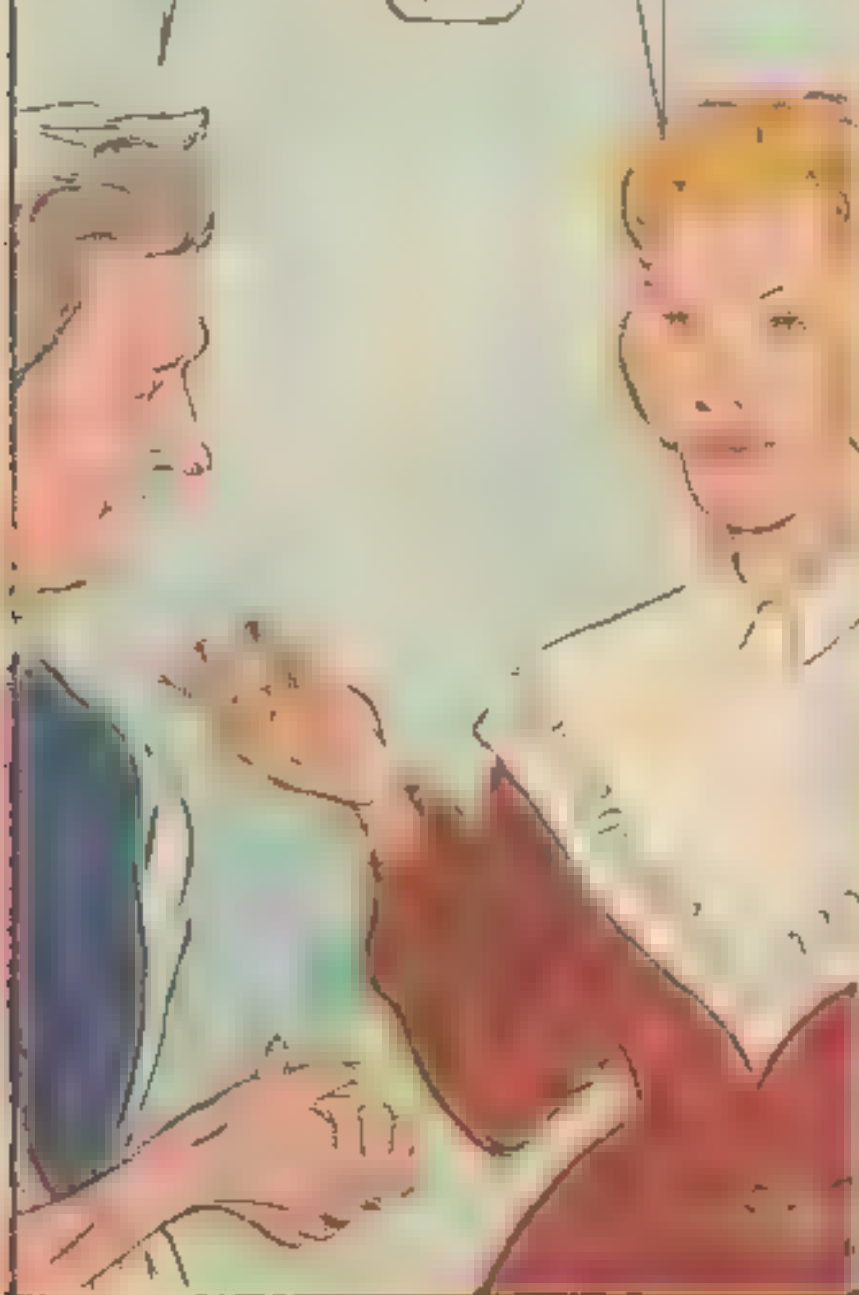
Yes, it is a pretty place, but I fear it will be getting out of order unless Mr. Rochester should take it into his head to reside here permanently.

Mr Rochester!
Who is he?



The owner of Thornfield

I thought Thornfield belonged to you



Bless you, child. I am only the housekeeper. The little girl, Adele, is Mr. Rochester's ward. He commissioned me to find a governess for her. Here she comes now with her nurse



I found Adele a docile pupil After lessons, Mrs Fairfax proposed to show me the rest of the house We were on the third story, coming down from the roof, where I had surveyed the grounds, when a laugh struck my ear

Mrs. Fairfax! Did you hear that loud laugh? Who is it?



Some of the servants, very likely Perhaps Grace Poole She sews in one of these rooms.



The laugh was repeated, and terminated in an odd murmur

Grace!



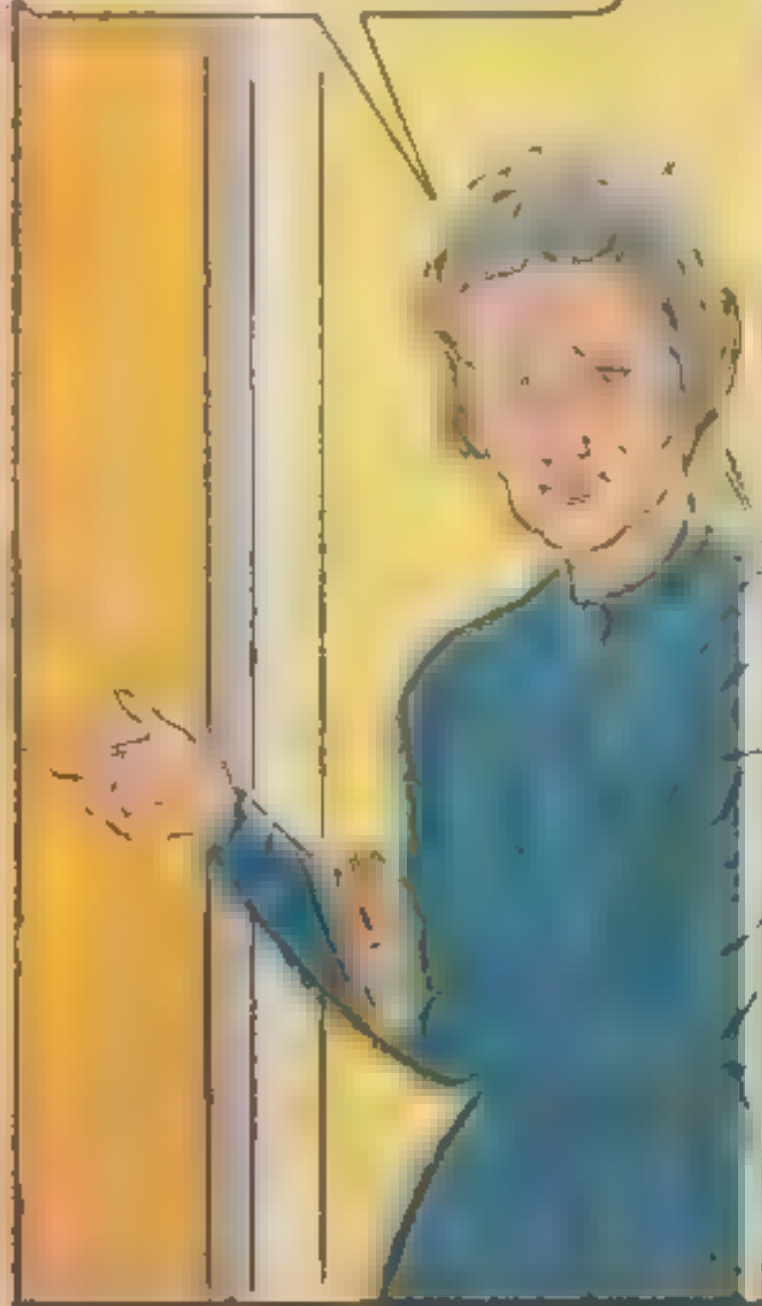
The door nearest me opened, and a servant came out

Too much noise, Grace Remember directions!



Grace curtsied silently and went in

She is a person we have to sew and assist the housemaid



*My pupil was committed
entirely to my care
When alone, I not
unfrequently heard
Grace Poole's laugh
Sometimes I saw her.*



*One afternoon, I volunteered to
post a letter for Mrs Fairfax in
Hay, two miles distant. As I was
enjoying the evening calm, I heard
a rush under the hedge, from where
a great dog glided*



*A horse followed--a tall steed,
and on its back a rider*

*It must be a traveller taking
the short cut to Millcote.*



*He passed, and I went on a few steps
I heard a sliding sound, an exclamation
and a clattering tumble*

*Man and horse are down. They
must have slipped on the ice*



*I walked down to the traveller, struggling
to free himself of his steed*

*Are you injured, sir?
Can I do anything?*



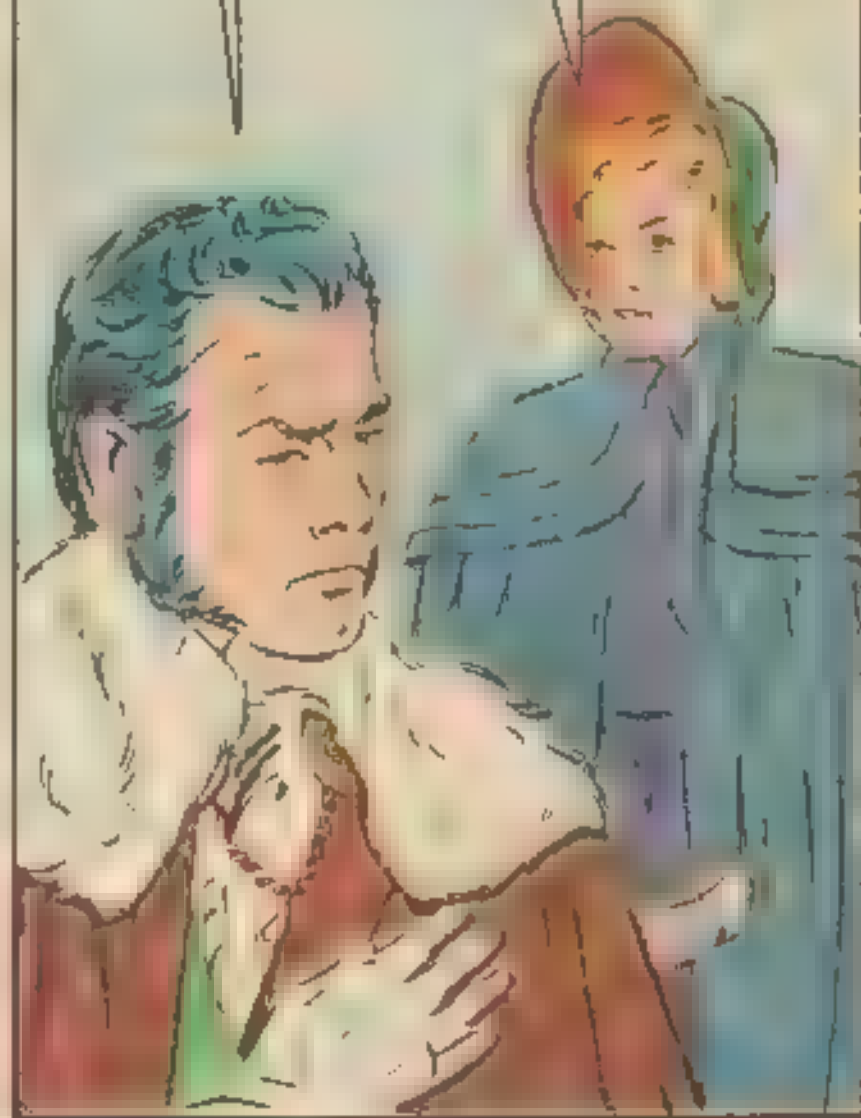
The horse righted himself. The traveller, stooping, felt his foot and leg. He limped to the stone fence and sat down.

If you are hurt and want help, s r, I can fetch someone from Thornfield Hall or Hay.



Thank you, I shall do. I have no broken bones--only a sprain.

I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.



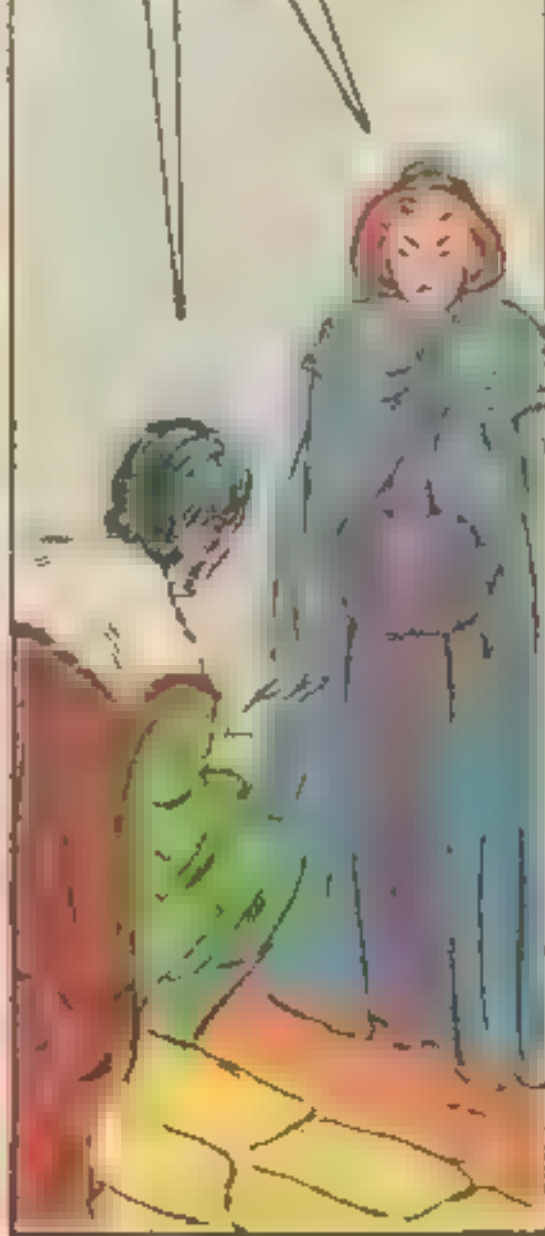
I should think you ought to be at home. Where do you come from?

From just below. I am going to Hay to post a letter.



You live just below--do you mean at Thornfield Hall?

Yes, s r



You are not a servant at Thornfield, of course You are--

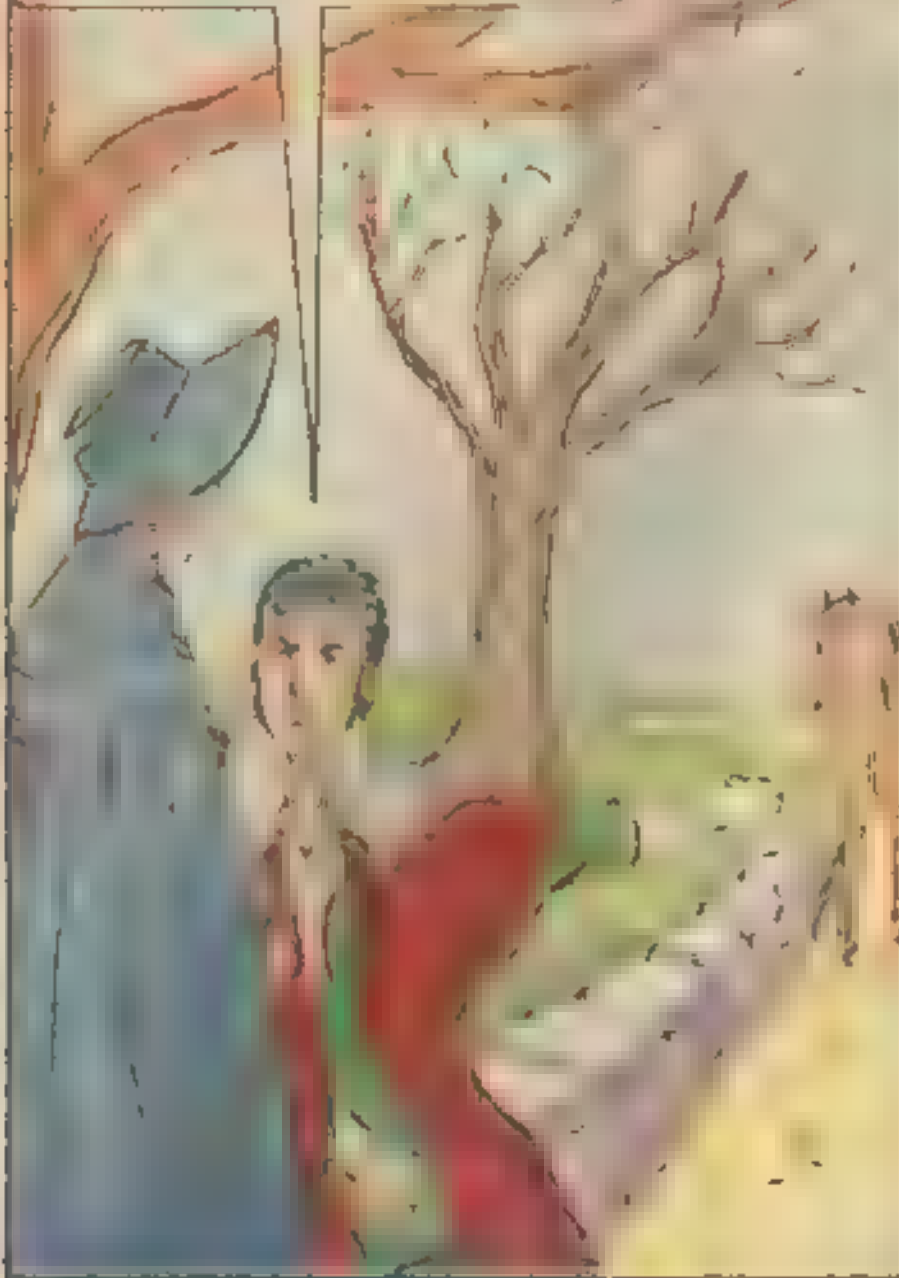
I am the governess



Ah, the governess! Well, I cannot commission you to fetch help, but you may help me a little yourself. Try to get hold of my horse's bridle and lead him to me.

I made an effort, though in vain. I was mortally afraid of the horse's trampling forefeet. The traveller called me to his side.

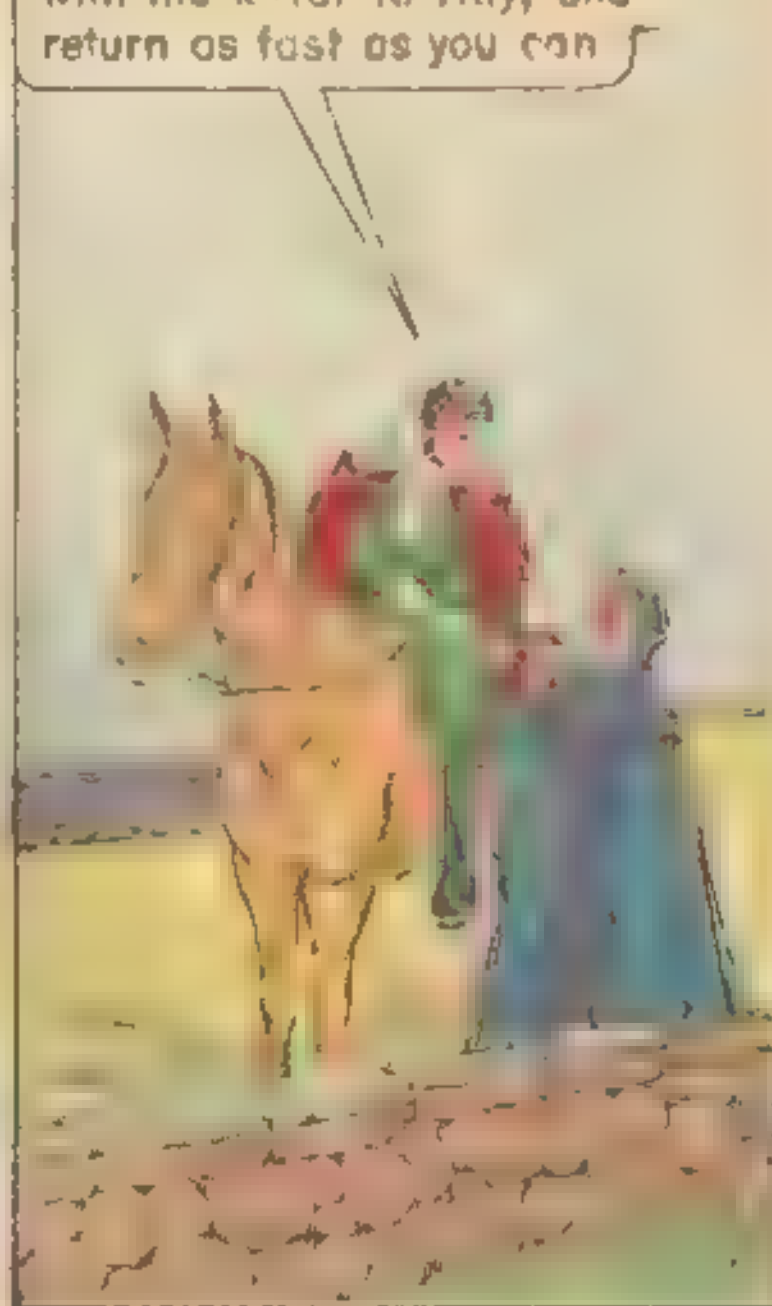
Excuse me, but necessity compels me to make you useful.



He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me with some stress, limped to his horse.

Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly, and sprang to his saddle.

Thank you. Now make haste with the letter to Hay, and return as fast as you can.



The horse bounded away; the dog rushed in his traces.



When I returned to Thornfield, I discovered, sitting upright on the rug, a great black-and-white dog

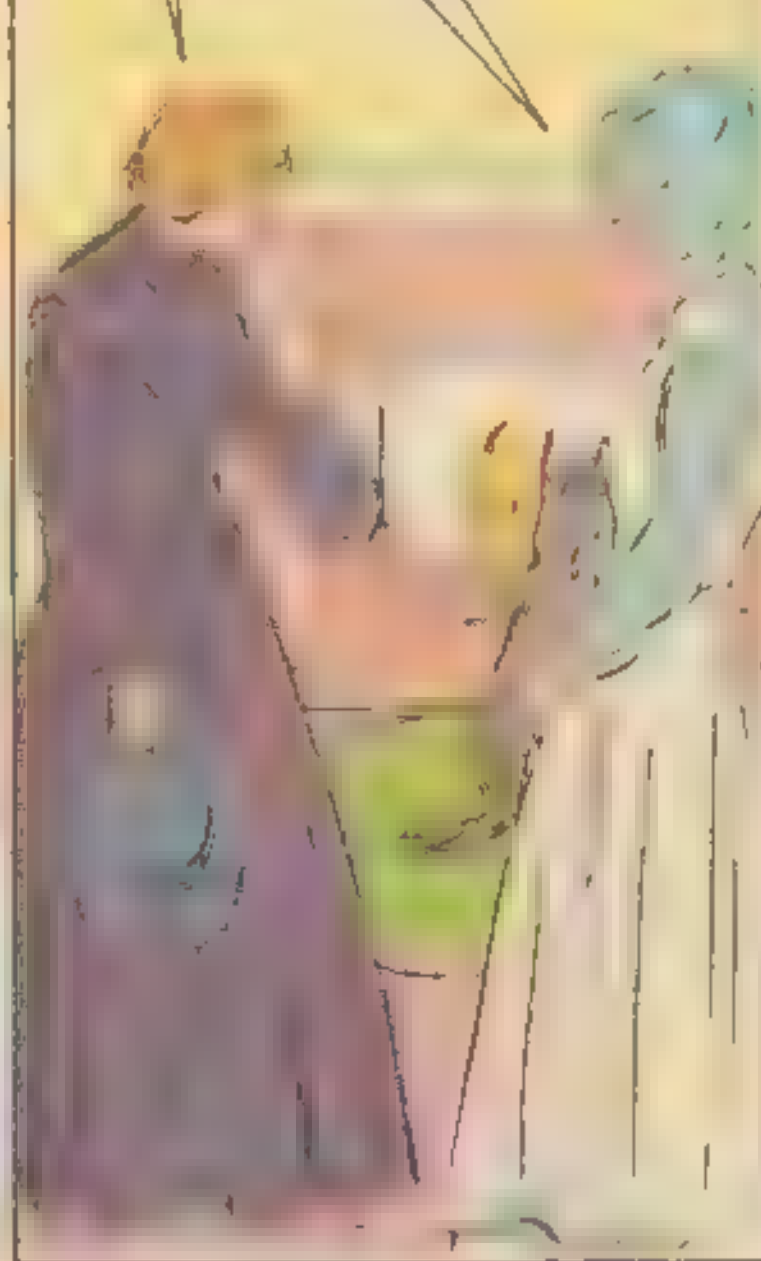
It is just like the one I saw in the lane.



The housemaid entered

What dog is this?

He came with master



With whom?

With master--Mr Rochester. He is just arrived. He and Mrs Fairfax and Adele are in the dining room. Master has had an accident His horse fell, and master's ankle is sprained.



Mr Rochester went to bed early that night. I did not see him until the next evening, when he invited Adele, Mrs. Fairfax and myself to tea.

Jane, will you hand Mr Rochester his cup?



When the tray was taken away and Mrs. Fairfax had settled into a corner with her knitting, Mr. Rochester ordered Adele to amuse herself with the dog. Then he addressed me

You came from a charitable school. How long were you there?

Eight years





After many questions of this kind, Mr. Rochester looked at his watch

It is nine o'clock. What are you about, Miss Eyre, to let Adele sit up so long? Take her to bed.



I put Adele to bed and rejoined Mrs. Fairfax in her room

I think Mr Rochester is very changeful and abrupt.

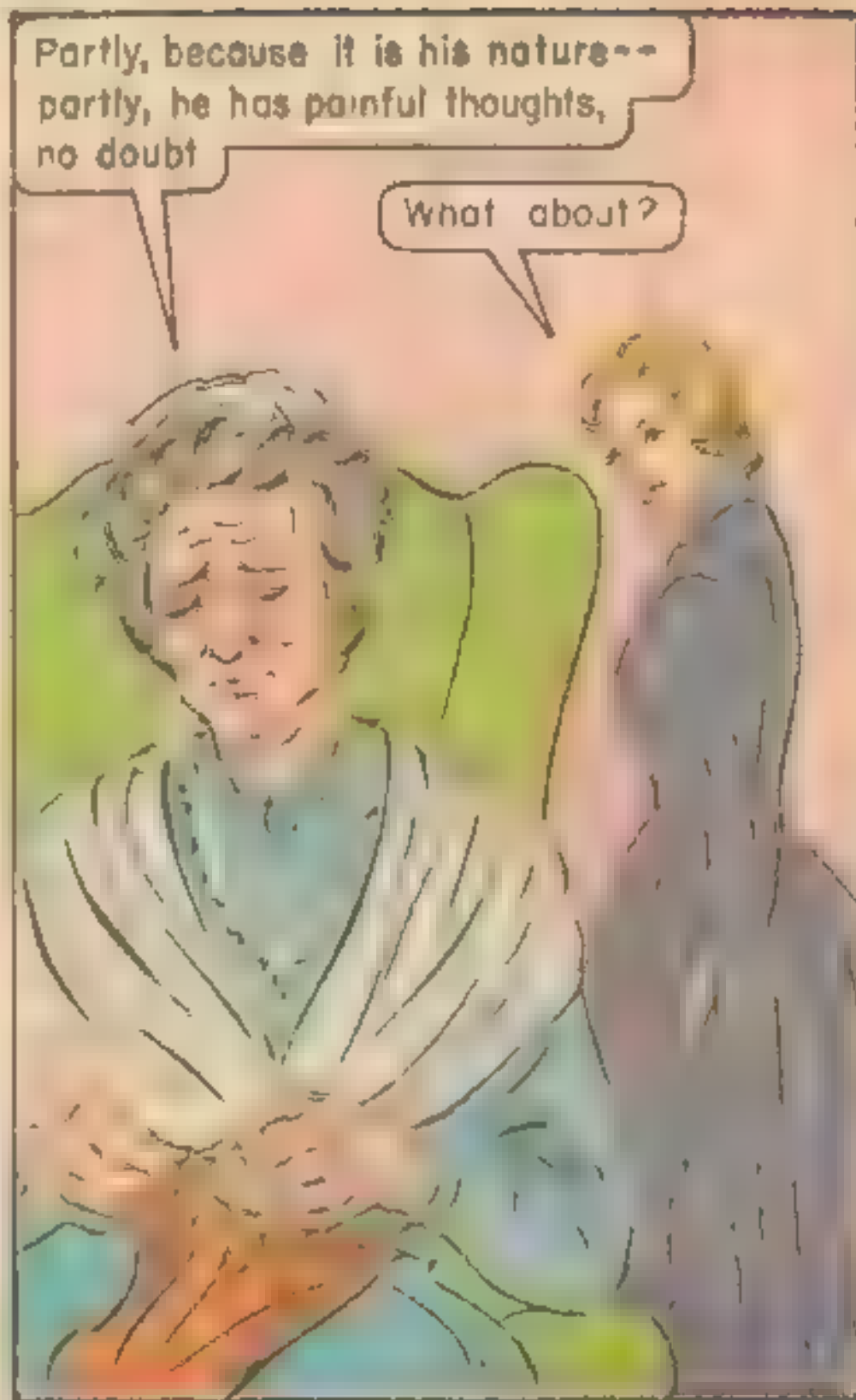


If he has peculiarities of temper, allowance should be made

Why?

Partly, because it is his nature-- partly, he has painful thoughts, no doubt

What about?



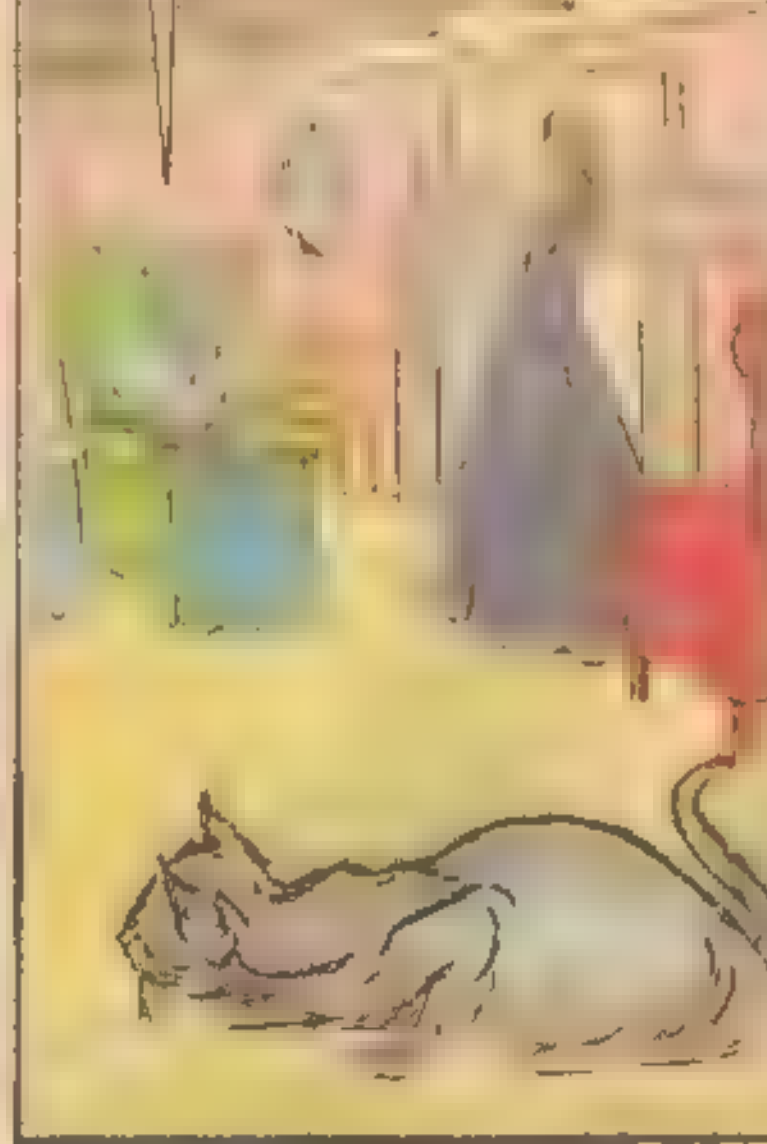
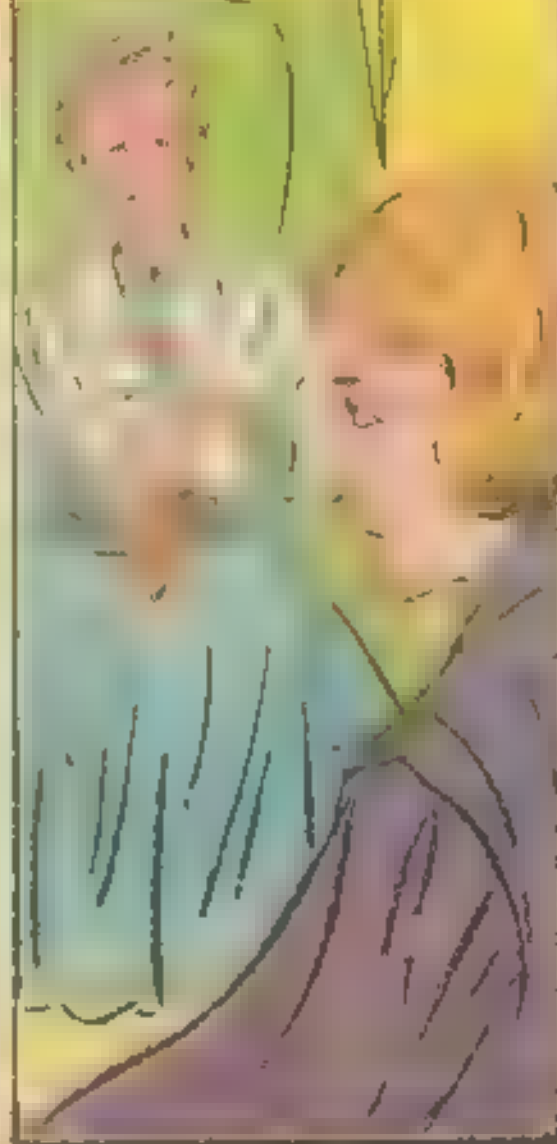
For many years he has led an unsettled kind of life I don't think he has ever been resident at Thornfield for a fortnight together, since the death of his brother left him master of the estate

He shuns the old place

Why should he shun it?

The answer was evasive It was evident that she wished me to drop the subject, which I did

Perhaps he thinks it gloomy



For several days, I saw little of Mr Rochester. Then one evening, he summoned us to the dining room again.

Mrs Fairfax, I have forbidden Adele to talk to me about her presents. Have the goodness to listen to her.

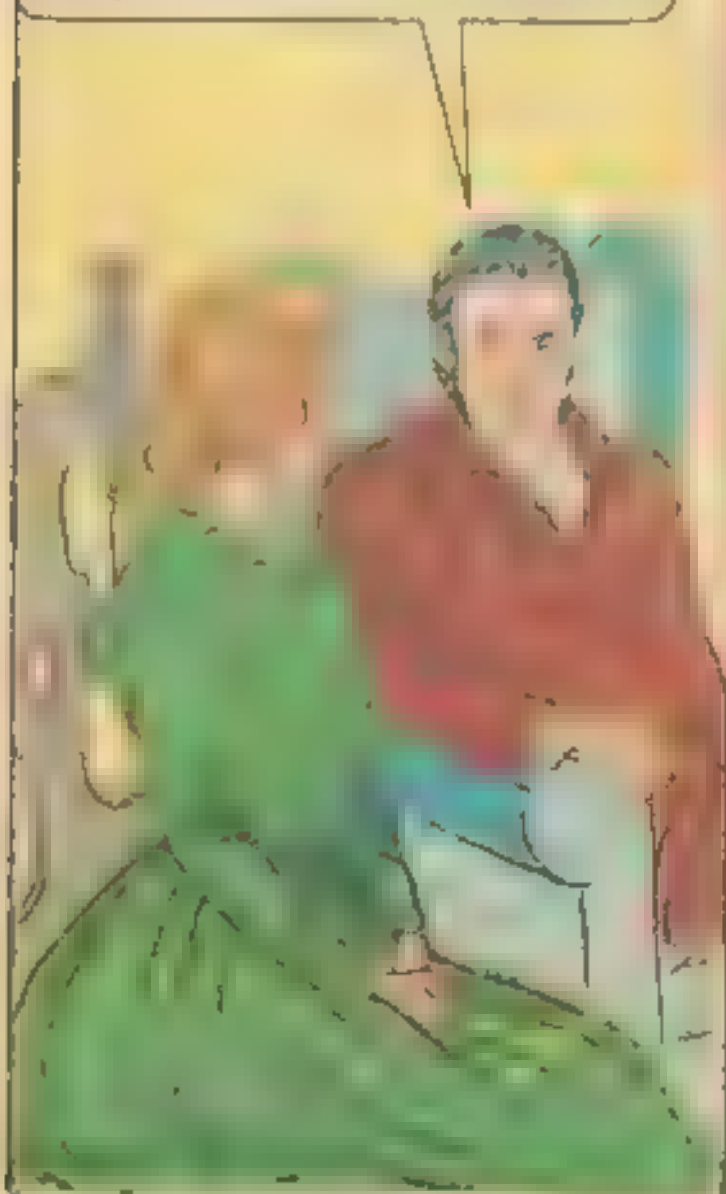


Miss Eyre, draw your chair a little further forward.



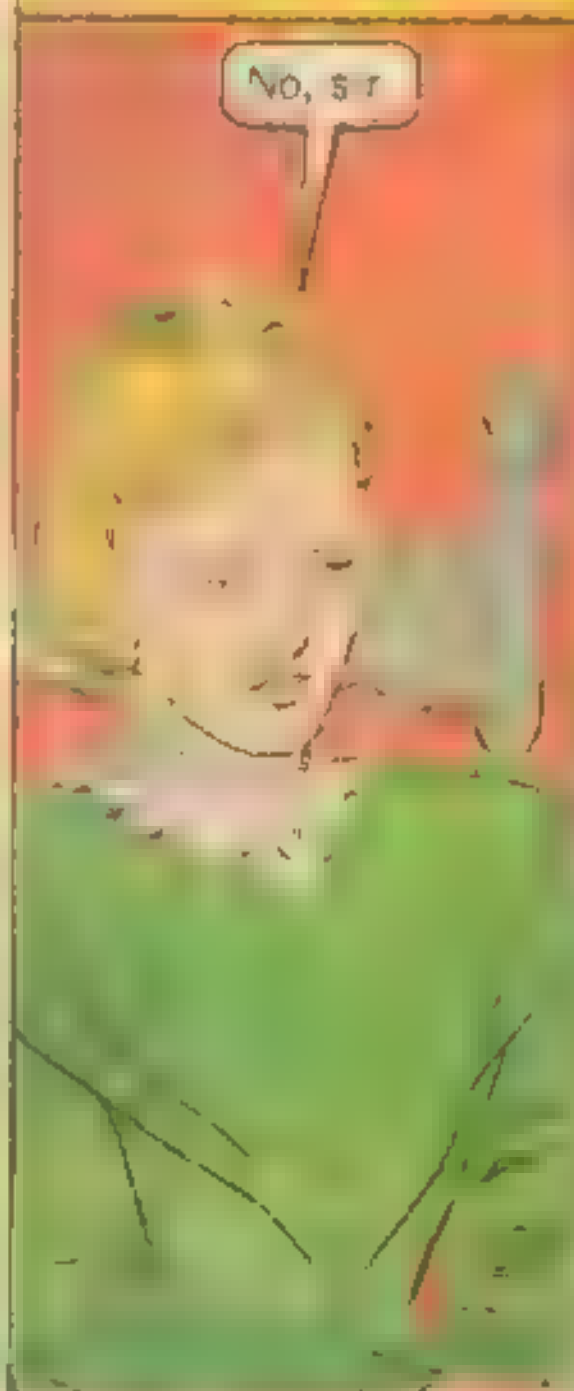
I did as I was bidden, and two minutes after he ordered suddenly, he caught my gaze fastened on him.

You examine me, Miss Eyre. Do you think me handsome?



The answer somehow slipped from my tongue before I was aware

No, sir.

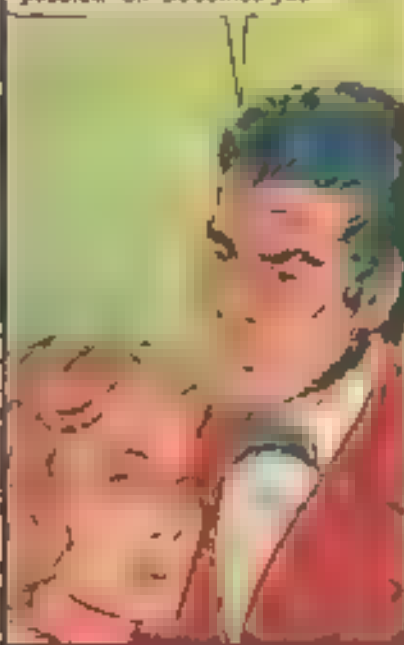


When one asks you a question, you rap out a round rejoinder which, if not blunt, is at least brusque. What do you mean by it?

Sir, I was too plain. I beg your pardon. I ought to have replied that tastes differ, that beauty is of little consequence, or something of that sort.

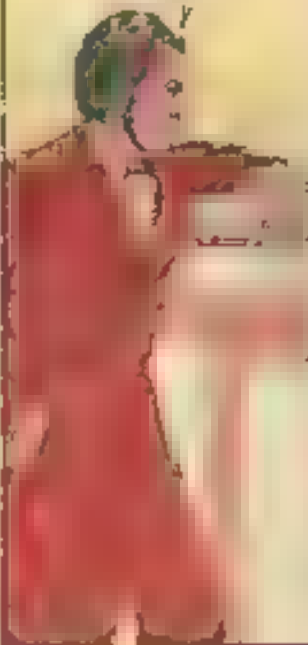


You ought to have replied no such thing. Faculty of ———— is once questioned indeed, you look very much puzzled. Masterly and though you are not pretty any more than I am handsome, a puzzled air becomes you.



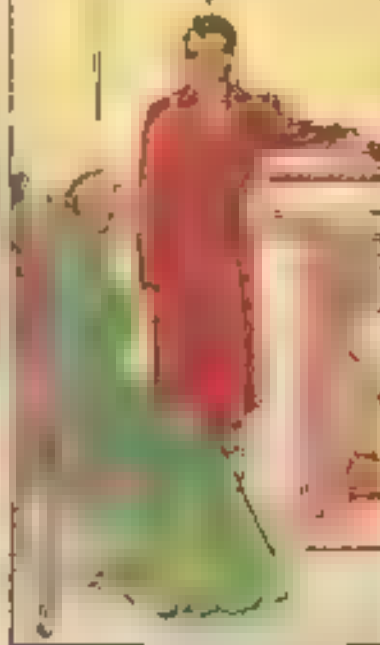
So I am not
and I am not
a masterly
man

perish



What is it?

What is ever
you like?



A man in a red suit and a woman in a green dress.

Do you agree with me that I have a right to be a masterly about perhaps adding sometimes on the grounds that I have passed through a varied experience over half the globe?

Few masters would trouble themselves to inquire

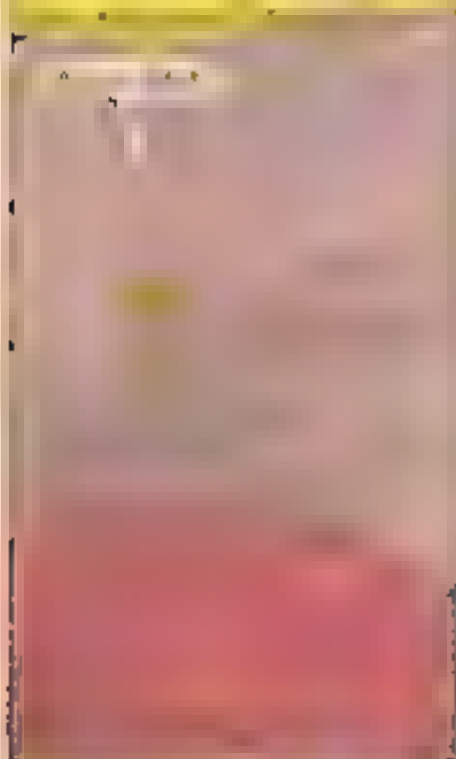


You must agree to receive my orders now and then, without being piqued or hurt by the tone of command.

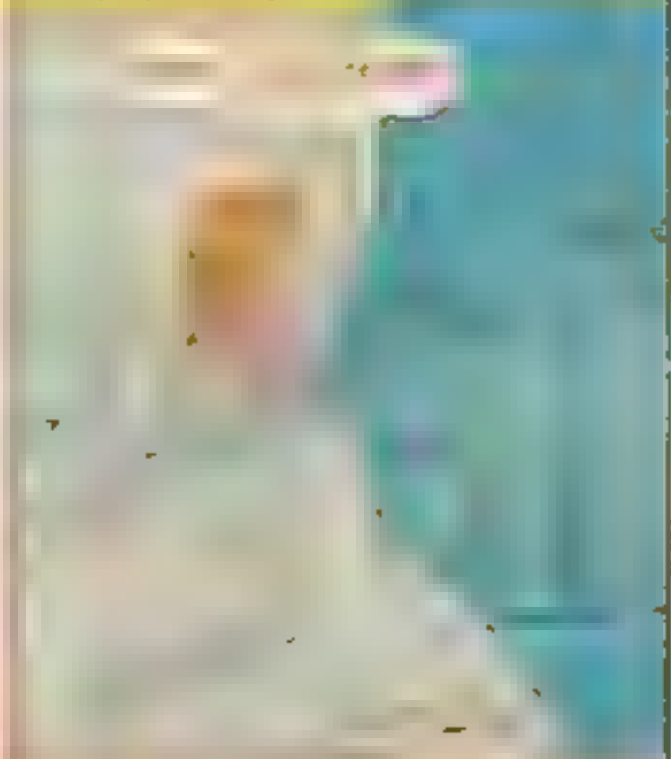
I agree heartily



One night, some time later, I started wide awake on hearing a vague



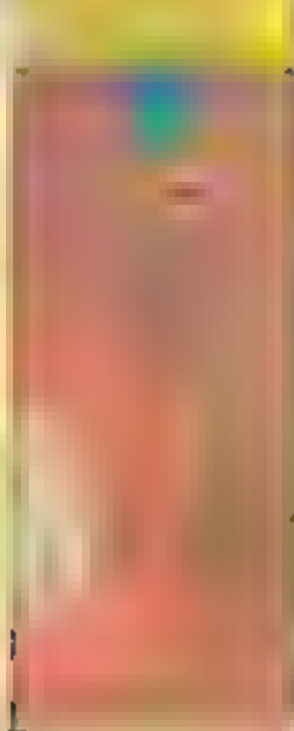
and I began to feel the return of slumber. A faint laugh was uttered, it seemed, at the very keyhole of my door.



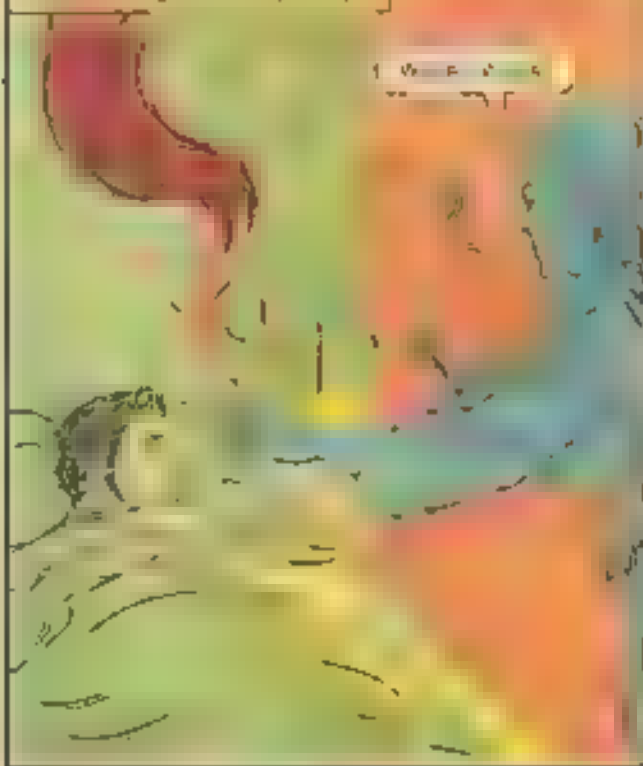
Ever long, steps retreated up the gallery, and all



became aware of a strong smell of burning. Mr Rochester's door was ajar,



In an instant, Mrs. Rochester was carried into the bed. She lay in a deep sleep.



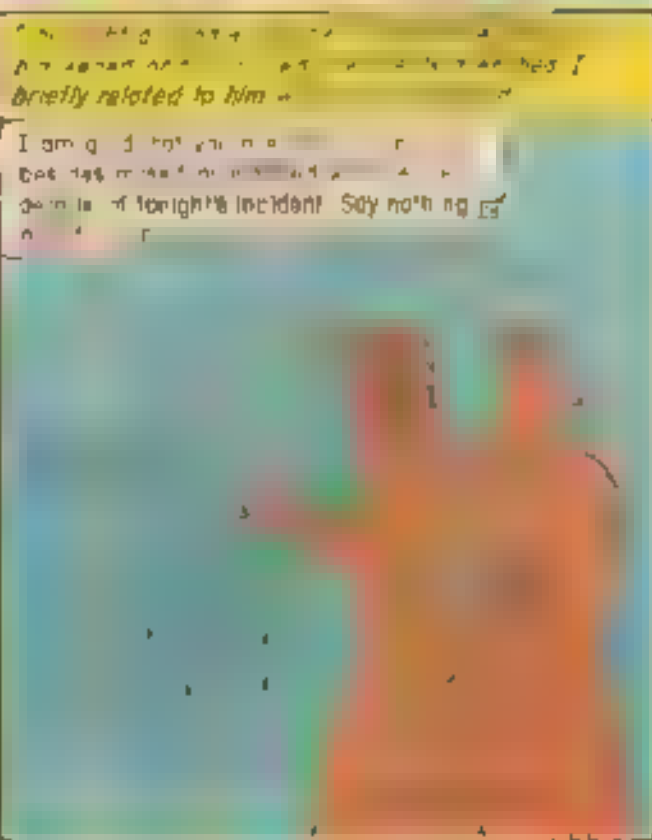
Is he your name E. R.

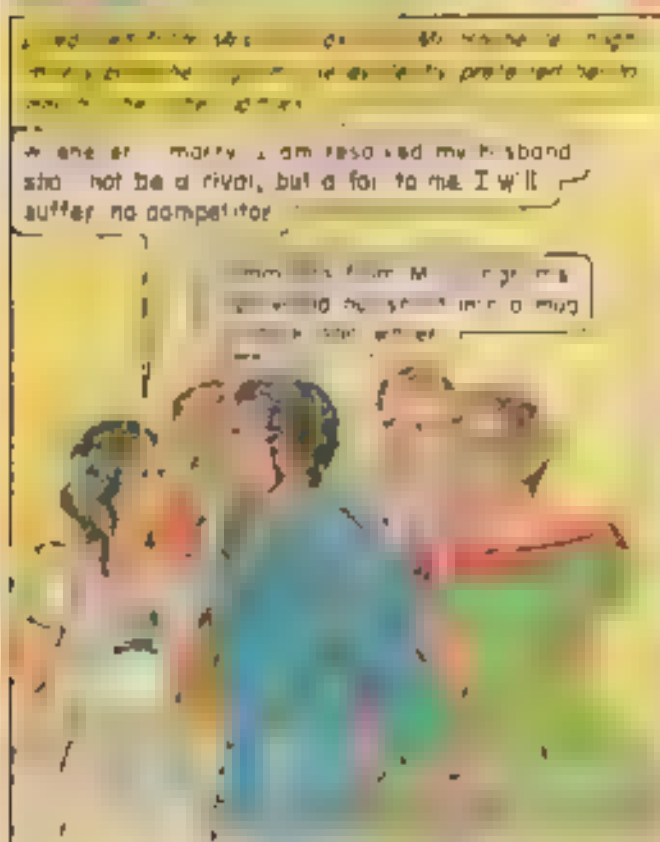
Something has happened
something you cannot
understand or what?



He had been
briefly related to him.

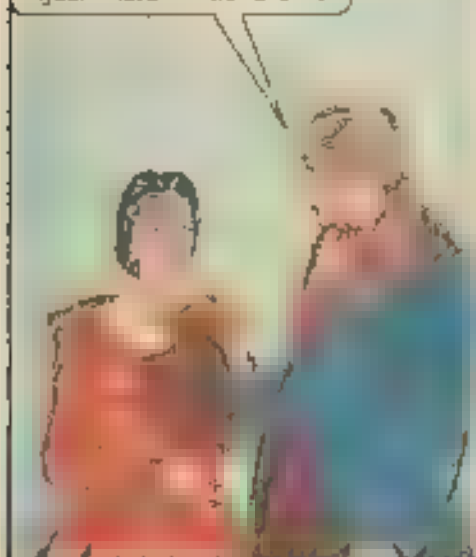
I am a doctor, and I
have been told that you
were in tonight's incident. Say nothing of
this.





One day, Mr. Rochester was summoned to Millicote on business. At dusk, a newcomer entered and bowed to Lady Ingrams, deeming her the eldest lady present.

It appears I come at an inopportune time, when Mr. Rochester is away. But I think I may presume to insist myself here till he returns.



He then bowed to her and informed her that a stranger had arrived.

The devil! Did he give his name?

I overheard that his name is Mason, sir, and he comes from the West Indies.



Mr. Rochester grew whiter than ashes.

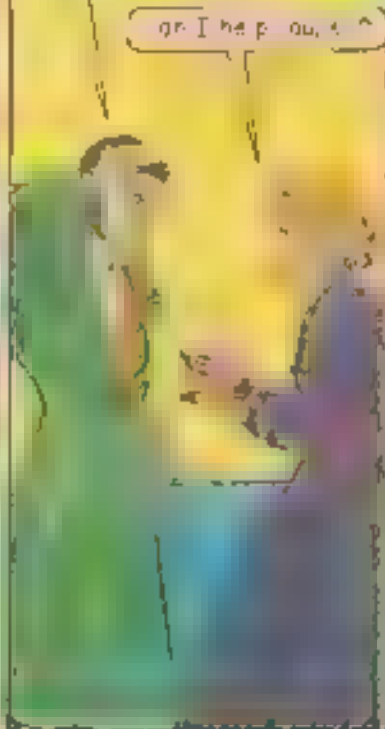
Mason! The West Indian?

Do you see him?



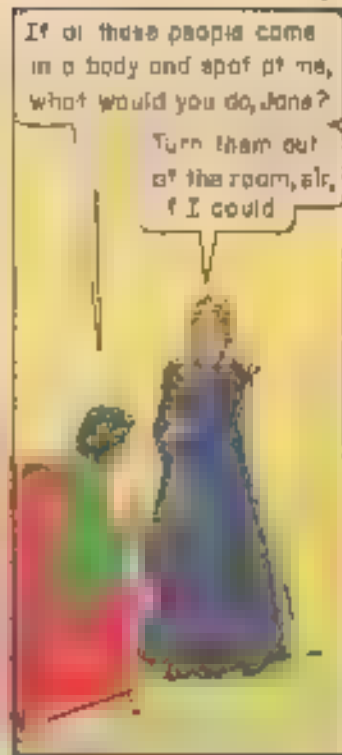
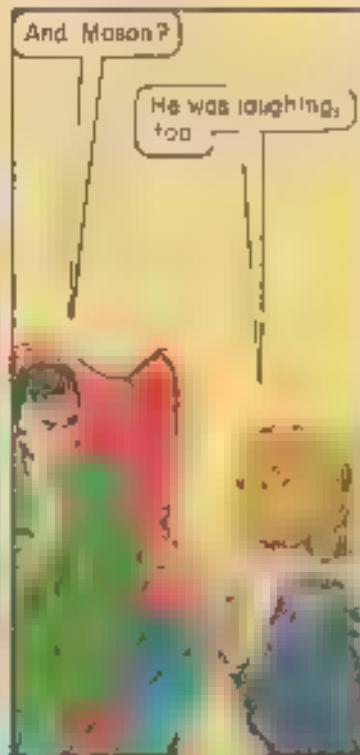
Woe, I've got a blow - I'm going to blow.

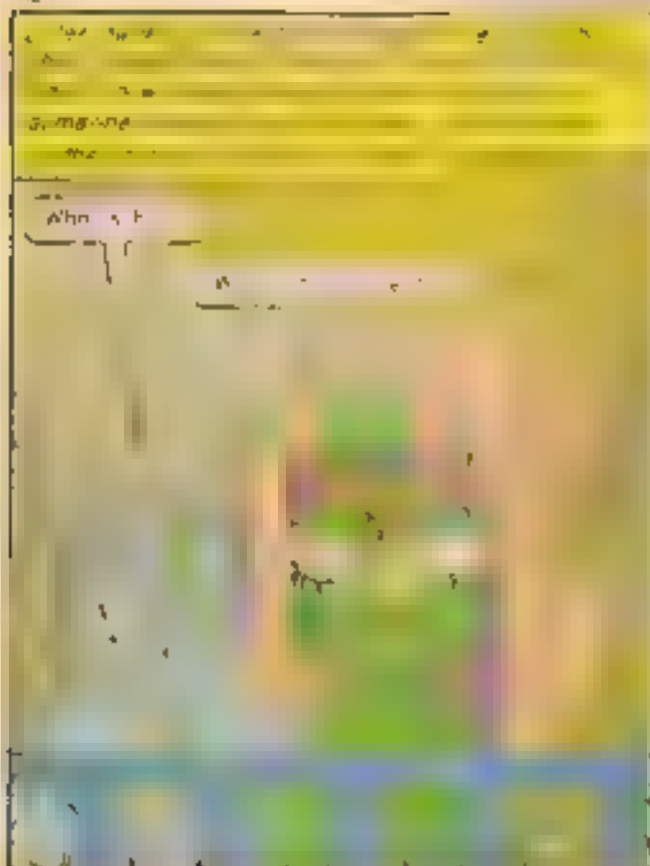
or I help you.



Fetch me a glass of wine to drink to me if Mason is with them, and what he is doing.







Where the devil is Rochester
I cannot find him in his bed -



and seized his arm

"What awful event
has taken place?"



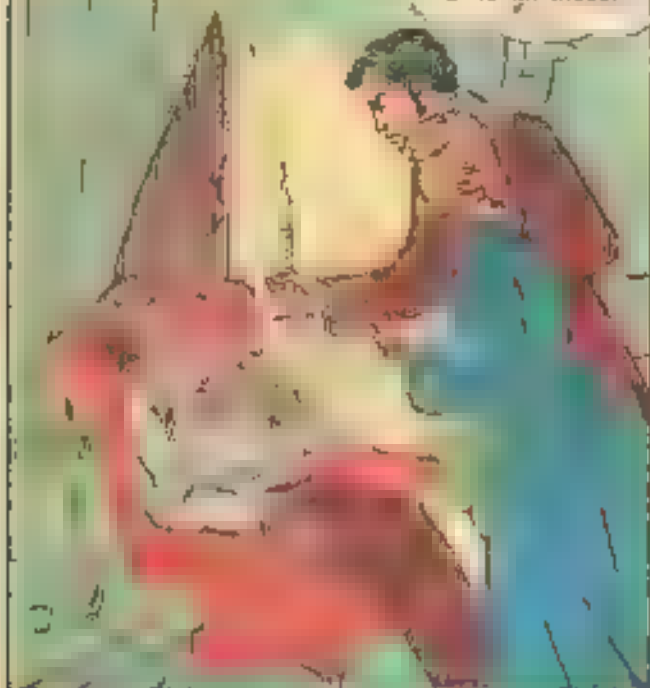
"You all back into your
rooms Gentlemen, set
the ladies an example



"In about an hour, Thornfield
Hall was again as hushed as
a desert. A cautious hand
tapped low at my door. It was
Mr Rochester."

He guided up the stairs to the dark, low corridor of the fourth, third story I followed at his side, into one of the rooms. In an easy chair a man sat with his head leaning back his eyes closed.

It is Mr. Mason



Mr. Mason groaned

Is there immed a e danger?

No - a mere scratch. Don't be so overcome, man. I'll fetch a surgeon for you now



I was left alone with the poor man. Dawn was approaching when Mr. Rochester at last entered with the surgeon.

This wound was not done with a knife. There have been teeth here.



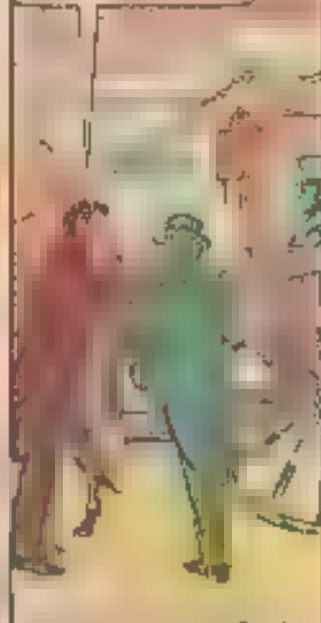
She got me when Rochester got the knife from her.

I warned you to be on your guard when you go near her. It was folly to attempt the interview tonight and alone.



Mason was assisted downstairs into a chair, the surgeon followed.

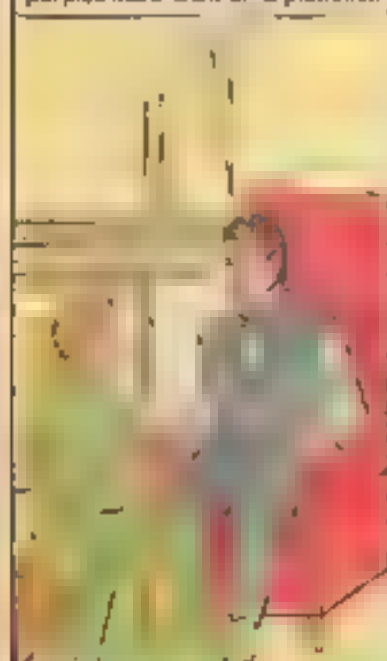
Take care of him, Carter. Keep him at your house - he is quite well.



A moment before the wedding day, Mr. Rochester

The evening before our wedding day, Mr. Rochester and I sat by the fire till late

Your sorrowful look and tone perplex me. I want an explanation



Why were you from home last night?

Yes. Something happened in my absence which I should tell you



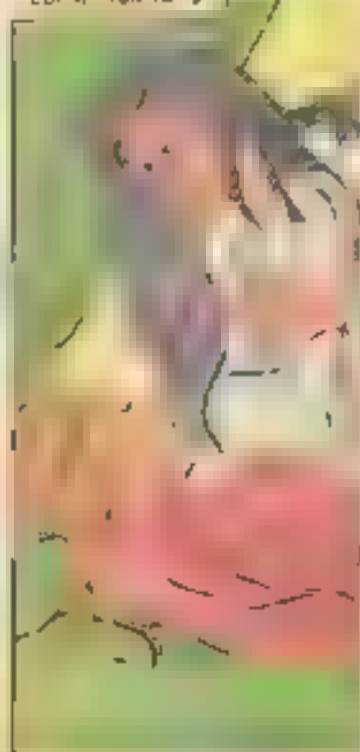
Last night, I awoke and found a man on my dressing table. A form emerged from the closet and slipped my wedding dress and veil. I was a woman I had never seen before tall and dark



She took my veil, gazed at it long, rent it in two parts and flung it on the floor



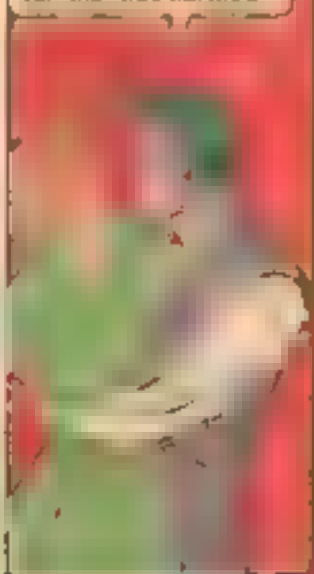
"Then she thrust her candle close to my face. I felt cold, ruthless"



I felt Mr. Rochester start and shudder. He

Then she thrust her candle close to my face. I felt cold, ruthless"

Thank God that if any thing malignant did come near you last night, it was only the veil that was harmed



As the ceremony began, the clergyman waited in his white surplice at the lowly altar, the clerk beside him.

The service began

I require that either of you know any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye confess it now

A distinct voice cried out.

The marriage cannot go on. I declare the existence of an impediment Mr Rochester has a wife now living. I have a witness to the fact - Mr Mason

Is a gentleman's wife saying?

She is speaking of the man who is her brother

What this lawyer and his client say is true I have been married and the woman to whom I was married was

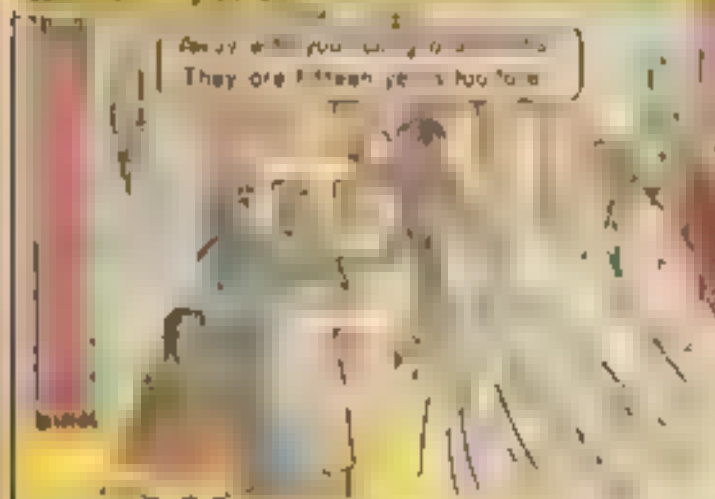
You may have never heard of a Mrs Rochester at Thornfield Hall, but you may have heard of a Miss Jane Eyre. She is my aunt, and she is the one who told me about you.



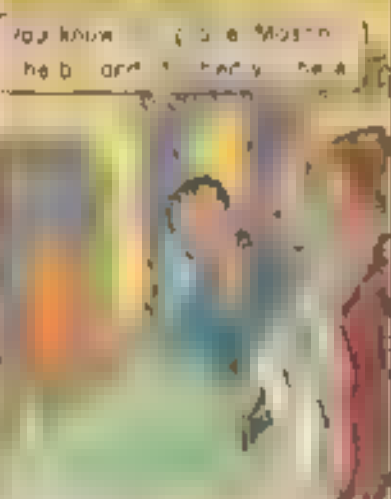
I invite you to come up to the room and see me.



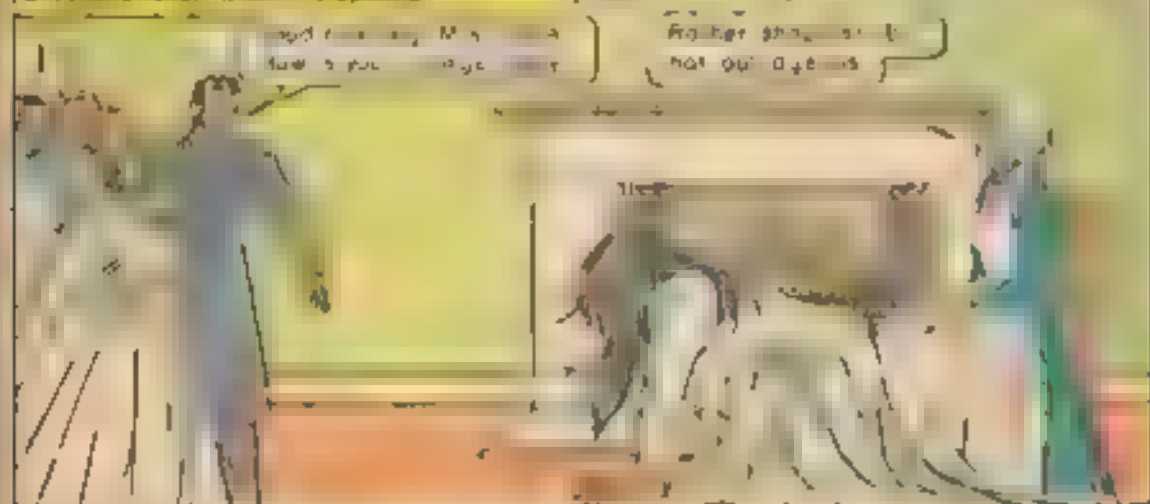
Do not be afraid of the man in the red coat. He is my uncle, and he is the one who told me about you.



Do not be afraid of the man in the red coat. He is my uncle, and he is the one who told me about you.

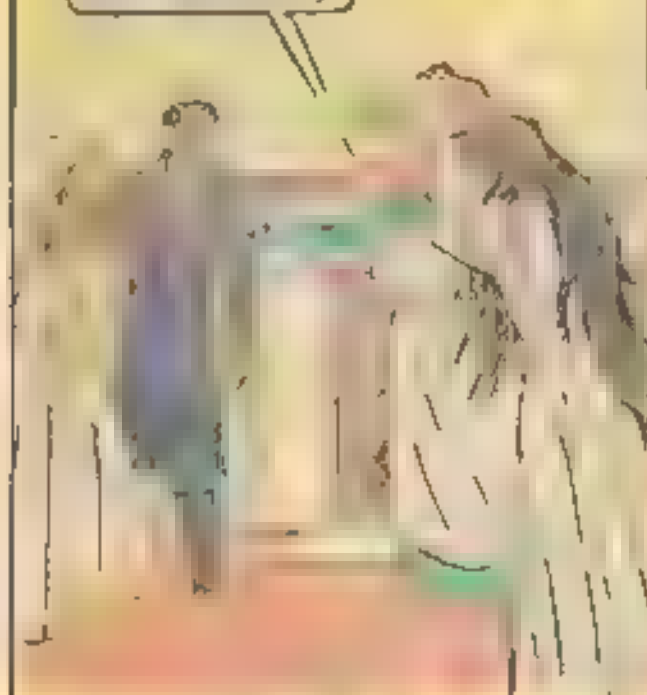


He is my uncle, and he is the one who told me about you.



At the very moment when the spider has turned its
 body round to face its prey, it is on its hind feet

Oh, the spider you
 would be a cow boy

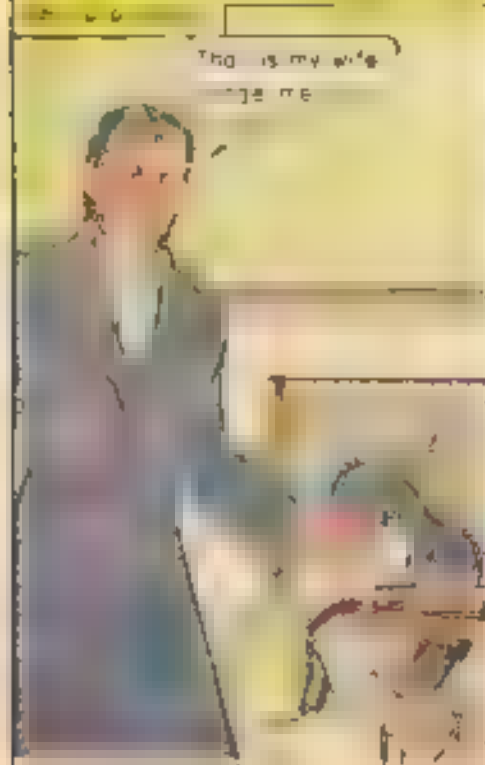


At the very moment when the spider has turned its
 body round to face its prey, it is on its hind feet



At the very moment when the spider has turned its
 body round to face its prey, it is on its hind feet

Oh, the spider you
 would be a cow boy



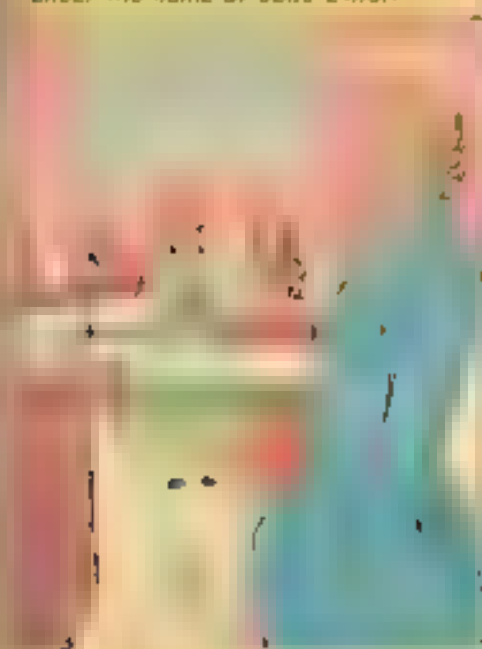
At the very moment when the spider has turned its
 body round to face its prey, it is on its hind feet



I found a home with St. John Rivers, a young parson, and his two sisters. Through St. John's help, I began teaching in the village school at Marion and moved to a cottage of my own by the school. I went under the name of Jane Elliott.

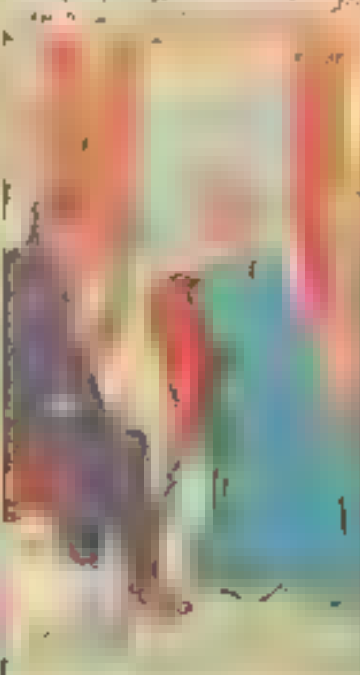
One evening, St. John Rivers came in out of the frozen hurricane of a winter tempest.

I have had hard work to get here. One day he came up to my window.



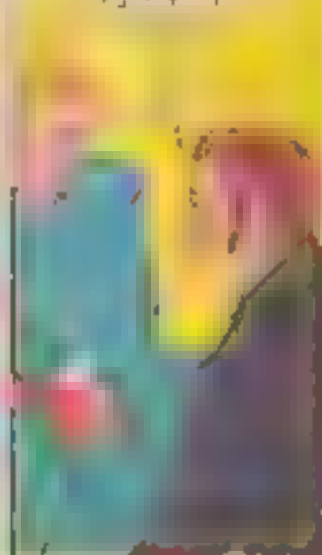
Yes. But where is Mr. Briggs?
Mr. Rochester

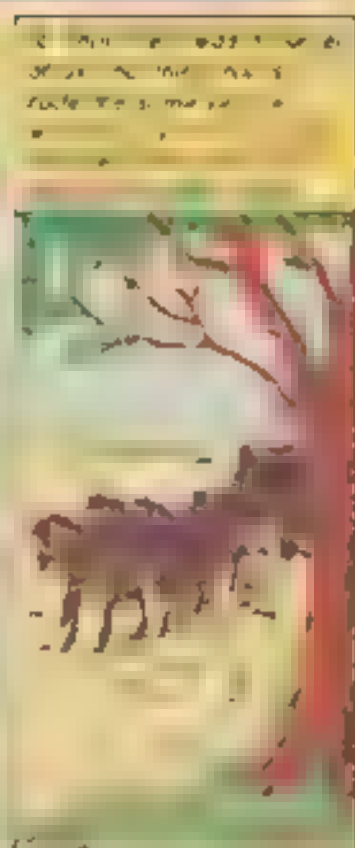
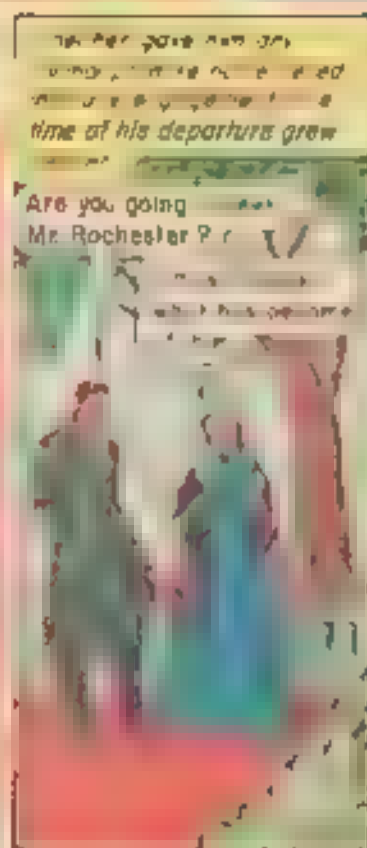
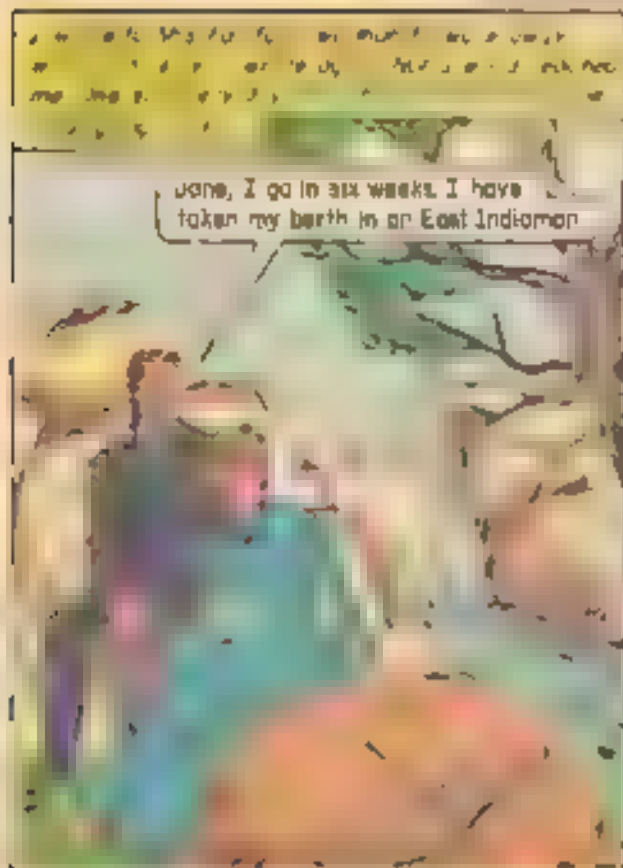
Briggs is in London. He wanted to tell you that on whole of yours. Mr. Eyre of Mademoiselle, is dead; that he has left you all his property, and that you



Did no one seek me at Thornfield Hall then?

Mr. Briggs intimates that the answer to his letter there was signed by Alice.



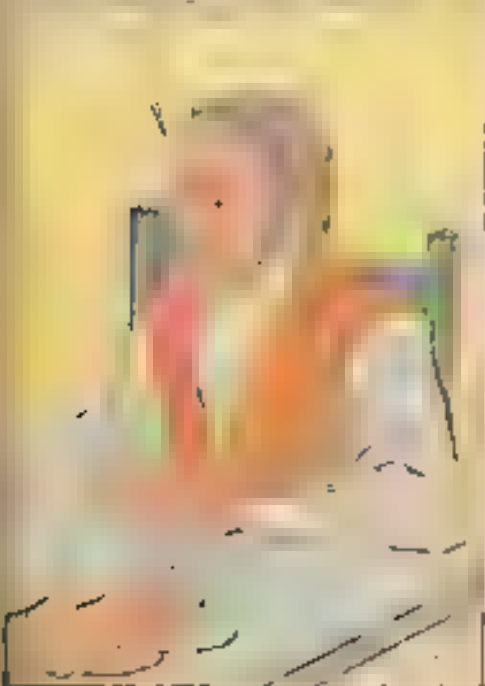




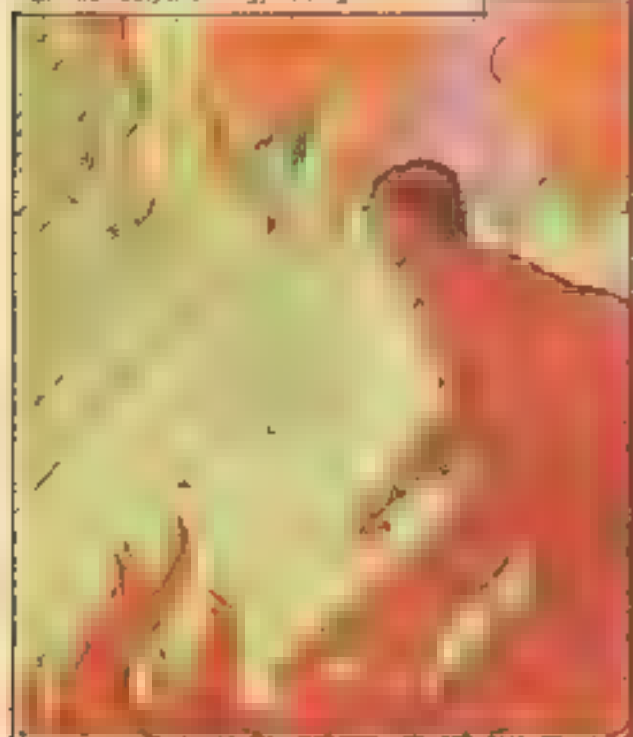
Thornfield Hall was burnt down in
 autumn. The fire broke out one
 night, and before the fire was
 extinguished, the house was
 almost entirely destroyed.

There was a lunatic
 wife. It's quite
 true.

One night, the lunatic got out and kindled the bed in
 the governess' room.



"Mr Forrester was with me when it was burning, and he told me and got the servants out. He went back to get his mad wife. He was on the roof, standing, waving her arms."



He saw him approach her, and then she yelled, and gave a spring, and the next minute she lay smashed on the pavement, dead."



"As Mr Rogers came down the great staircase then there was a great crash, and he was forced out from under the ruins of a wall, badly hurt."

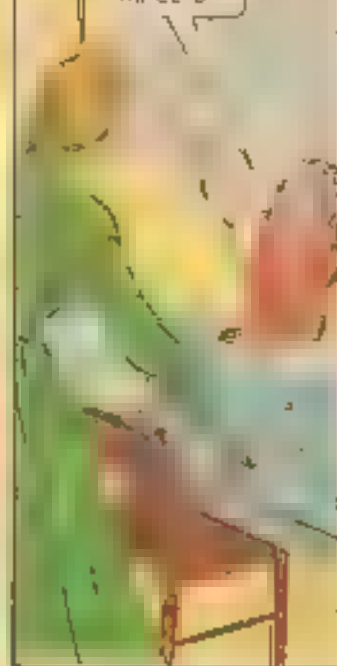


His eye was knocked out, and the hands crushed, so the surgeon had to amputate. The other eye was almost blinded, and he lost sight of his face."



At the same time

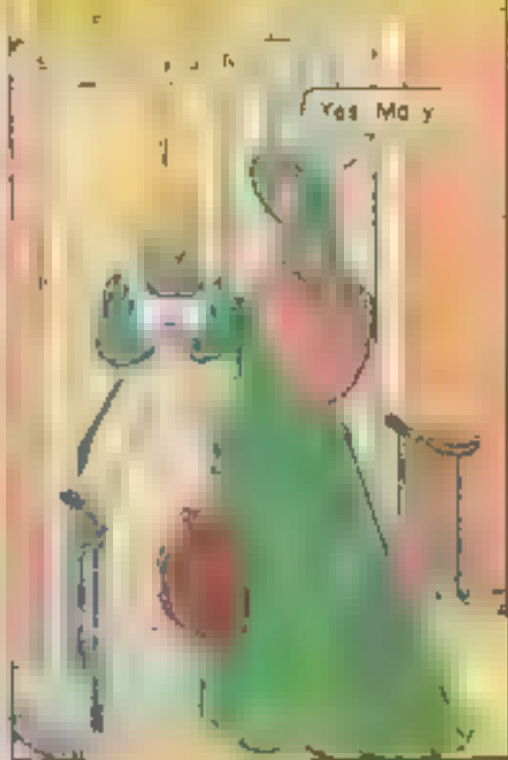
At Farndon, a Manor house, about thirty miles off.



the door. I saw a man
 enter. The man I perceived to be a
 woman. I saw a woman. I saw a
 Edward Fairfax Rochester



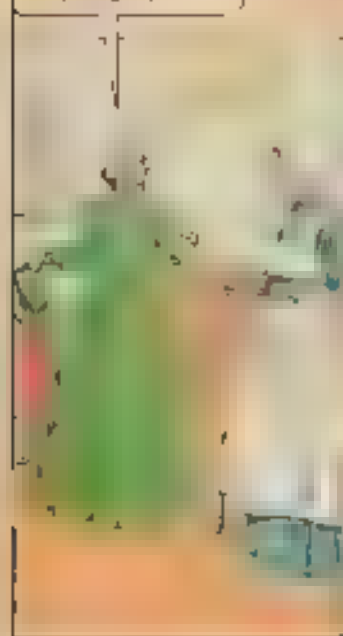
He said to her, 'I have
 a great deal to say to you
 and I shall say it now.'



Yes, Ma y

I removed my hand from
 the door. I saw a man
 enter. The man I perceived to be a
 woman. I saw a woman. I saw a

Edward Fairfax Rochester



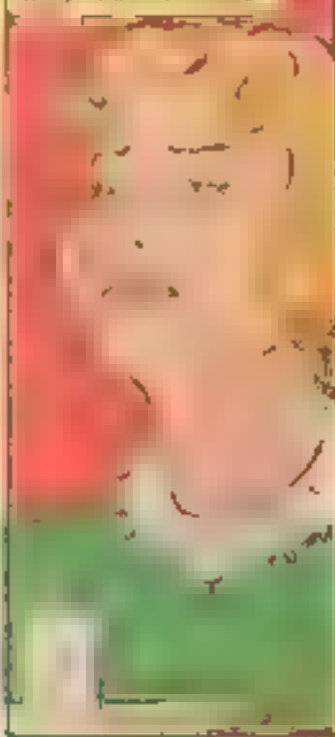
I saw a man enter. The man I perceived to be a
 woman. I saw a woman. I saw a
 Edward Fairfax Rochester

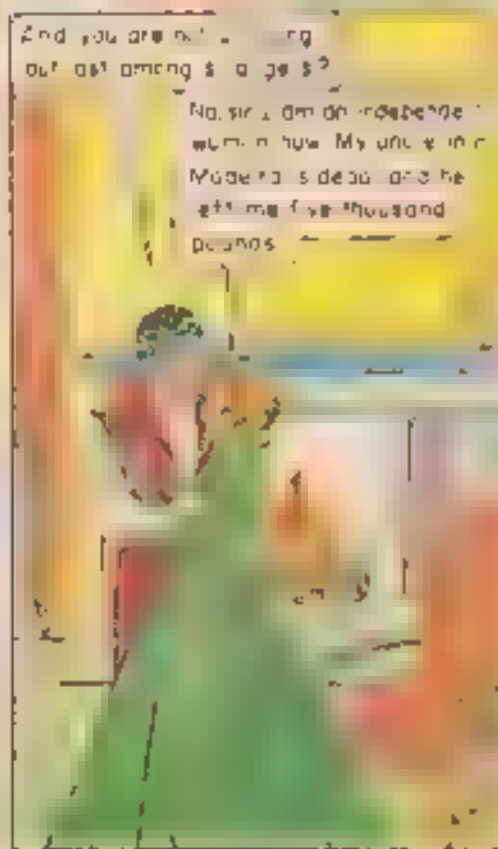
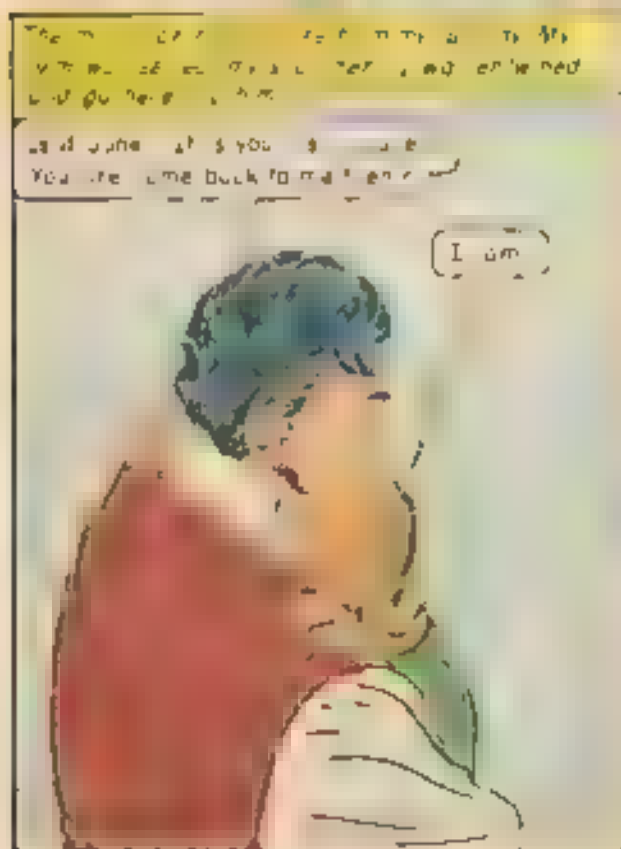
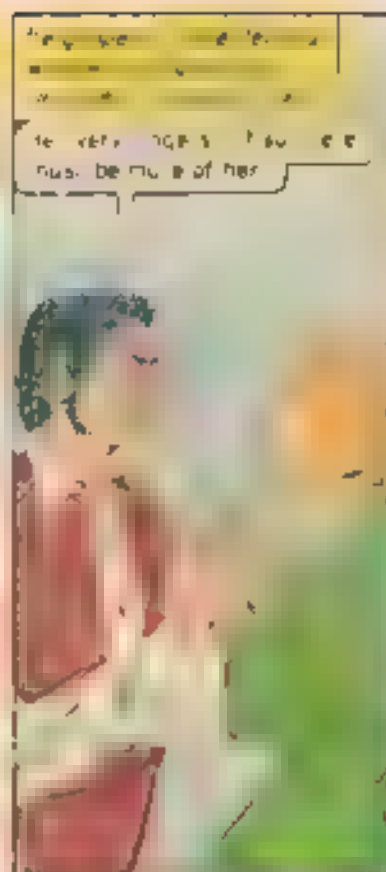
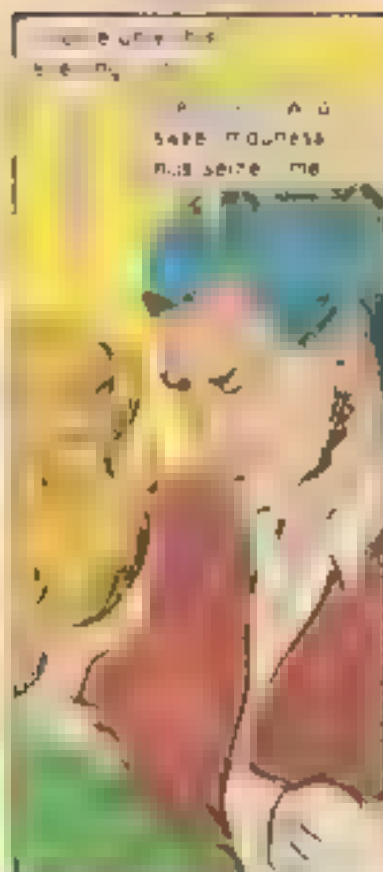
Edward Fairfax Rochester



I approached him
 with the glass

Edward Fairfax Rochester





you, I can build a
house at my own close
up to your door. [

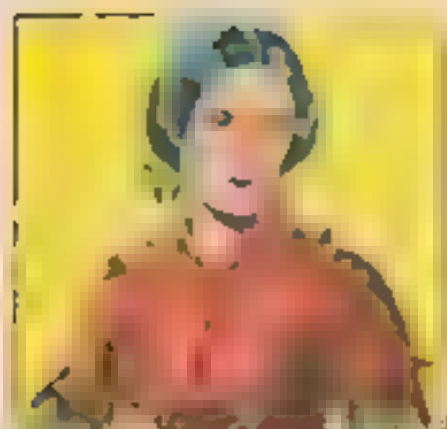
Q. Y. 'U. M.
J. V. A. P. S.

6. A file with the name
 you wish to use
 should not be effi-
 ciently used to
 7. A file with the name

1. I would like to

2. He also observed the light of one of the eyes of the man who was in the car, he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE



were mirrored in the life of her heroine,

one of the six children of an English gentleman. Her mother died when the five girls and one boy were still very young. An aunt

took her home in the small village of Haworth, England.

Aunt Branwell was not deliberately cruel, but she was old and severe. The children were left to themselves most of the time.

In 1824, Reverend Mr. Brontë entered all

SCHOOL LIFE

of Charlotte and E

cess was followed by
lotte's brother Branwell died.

Villette was published in 1852.

THE LONDON FIRE

In the late evening of Sunday, September 1, 1666, the streets of London were almost deserted. Families that left because of a recent plague had still not returned to the city. Few lights flickered in the windows. A baker in Pudding Lane had just gone to bed after lowering his fire. Three hours later, in the early dawn, flames leaped up the woodwork of his staircase. Before one hour passed, the fire spread to the nearby houses.

Samuel Pepys, a writer, was awakened by his maid. He looked out the window at the flames, thought them a usual small fire for London, and went back to bed. The Lord Mayor was summoned. He thought the same.

Then, a strong east wind carried sparks in gusts across the yard to an inn. The hay in the yard caught fire. From there, sparks tumbled down the streets to the wharves, where hay, timber and coal were stored. They fed the sparks, and the flames rose furiously. The fire was now unmanageable.

Narrow streets and timbered houses helped to spread the fire. Fire-fighting equipment—buckets of water and hand-squirts—could not stop the flames. The only other fire-fighting method the people knew at that time was to pull the houses down and smother the flames. But the Lord Mayor would not give his consent. He was afraid the owners from whom he could not get permission would ask for payment later.

Carts piled high with possessions struggled down the streets close to the burning buildings. Most people

ran from the city in terror. Only a few tried to stop the flames.

On Monday, Charles II, King of England, appointed the Duke of York to lead a group of citizens in fighting the fire. The duke and his men formed an arc around the fire and tried to smother the flames. Even the King rode through the streets unguarded, stopping to hand buckets along. But their efforts did not halt the destruction.

On Tuesday, after two days of spreading the flames throughout the town, the wind quieted. The fire came under control.

By then, 13,200 houses had been destroyed. Families were living north of the city walls in tents provided by the King. Churches and hospitals gave food to these destitute people. Even King Louis XIV of France, which was at war with England at the time, offered food and relief. He also prohibited his subjects from rejoicing at this disaster.

Almost all the city buildings were destroyed. Eighty-seven parish churches were burned down. The final total of damage exceeded 10,000,000 pounds. Even this monstrous figure must have seemed small to the people who saw only a fragment remaining of their great city.

After the fire, London passed laws controlling the type of materials to be used for buildings. Hand-operated fire pumps were developed. A London businessman set up a fire insurance company. And from almost total destruction, the city was rebuilt.

SUFFERING HUMANITY

"I come to present the strong claims of suffering humanity. If I inflict pain upon you, and move you to horror, it is to acquaint you with sufferings which you have the power to alleviate, and make you hasten to the relief of the victims of legalized barbarity."

Thus, Dorothea Dix, former teacher and educator, addressed the Massachusetts State Legislature in January, 1843. Two years before, she had volunteered to teach women in the East Cambridge House of Correction. There she found a few insane persons in a room with no heat.

Suspecting that other state institutions treated their wards in the same way, Miss Dix spent the next two years visiting every jail and poorhouse in Massachusetts from Berkshire to Cape Cod. She found insane persons confined in cages, closets and cellars. Many of them were hungry and cold. Some raved and cried out. In jails, the mentally ill and retarded were mistakenly mixed with criminals.

It was the custom at this time to auction off the services of paupers who were in poorhouses, called almshouses. Farmers and other people would buy the services of these people for one year. Idiots and the insane were often auctioned off with the paupers. Not knowing how to treat them, their masters lashed them into obedience.

Dorothea Dix told of one woman who was caged in an almshouse in Concord. An idiot had been kept in a stall in Medford for seventeen years. For at least an hour, more

cases were listed for the legislature. But Miss Dix also told the story of an insane woman who had been bought at an auction by an old man and his wife. They washed her and housed her in a decent room. Finally, her chains were removed. Although she wasn't cured, she became quiet and useful.

Since kindness and firmness had helped some of these sick people, Dorothea Dix pleaded for this treatment in all cases. She did not accuse the wardens of the prisons and the keepers of the almshouses of deliberate cruelty. She knew they were compelled by law to accept idiots and the insane. The law was to blame. She asked the legislature to provide money to build and enlarge housing for the insane and mentally retarded.

Officials from the almshouses and prisons claimed that Dorothea Dix lied. But the legislature appointed a committee to investigate her claims. This committee found that her report was correct. They passed a bill for immediate relief.

Dorothea Dix then went from state to state, and to Europe, Canada and Japan. Due to her efforts, many insane people were transferred from stalls and chains to relative comfort in new buildings.

Miss Dix also befriended animals. She had a fountain built in a crowded part of Boston where she had noticed horses at hard labor. On this fountain, John Greenleaf Whittier, the American poet, had inscribed:

"Drink fully and bestow
A kindly thought on her
Who bade this fountain flow."

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315 JOHNNY APPLESEED
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353 KING THRUSHBEARD
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361 HANS HUMPHREY
362 THE ENCHANTED PONY
363 THE WISHING WELL
364 THE SALT MOUNTAIN
365 THE SILLY PRINCESS
366 CLUMSY HANS
367 THE BEARSKIN SOLDIER
368 THE HAPPY HEDGEHOG
369 THE THREE GIANTS
370 THE PEARL PRINCESS
371 HOW FIRE CAME TO THE INDIANS
372 THE DRUMMER BOY
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62. The House of the Seven Gables
63. The Man in the Iron Mask
64. Silas Marner
65. Tellers of the Sea
66. The Song of Hiawatha
67. The Prairie
68. Black Beauty
69. Western Stories
70. Treasure Island
71. Benjamin Franklin
72. The Scottish Chiefs
73. Julius Caesar
74. Around the World in Eighty Days
75. The Pilot
76. The Oregon Trail
77. The Lady of the Lake
78. The Prisoner of Zenda
79. The Iliad
80. Joan of Arc
81. Cyrano de Bergerac
82. White Fang
83. The Jungle Book
84. The Sea Wolf
85. Under Two Flags
86. A Midsummer Night's Dream
87. Men of Iron
88. Crime and Punishment
89. Green Mansions
90. The Call of the Wild
91. Daniel Boone
92. King Solomon's Mines